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"PUT OUT THE LIGHT."

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

The lights from the windows gleamed golden and steady.
The music came low, like the humming of bees:
Through the parted silk curtains the dancers already
She saw bending and waving like boughs in a breeze.
Her wild eyes were strange and her olive cheeks
burning.
As, crouched behind roses and sweet mignonette,
She watched, with a still fascination, the turning
Kaleidoscope figures that parted and met.
The dewy lawn glittered; the nested birds twittered.
Disturbed by the music and light underneath:
Her black hair fell headless, her pale lips, emitted
By words that were curses, were gnawed by her teeth.
Ah! little the lord of the fête apprehended
What eyes, through the roses, were watching for him!
The eyes that he loved were like sapphires—so
splendid
With sunny blue light—not these eyes dark and dim.
On his arm hung his bride, all in white, fair and slender—
His wedding-ring shone on her soft little hand:
He dropped his proud head to speak words low and tender—
He recalled not the past in a far, foreign land.
The lovely Venetian was long since forgotten—
The sweets of her lip and the warmth of her breast:
Their gondola, now, on the water lies rotten.
And she may be dead—so he hopes—and at rest.
The music plays sweetly, the dancers dance lightly.
The sound of soft laughter breaks out now and then:
The broad golden beam of the lamps hovers brightly
Where bridegroom and bride on the terrace are seen.
Like a ghost from the roses she silently rises—
"Who's this?" asks the bride with a shudder of fear.
While the pallor of death the man's color surprises:
He murmurs, "Isola, why comest thou here?"
"To tell this fair mistress your own wife once
rested
As close in thine arms as she'll slumber to-night—
To give her sweet joy of my husband—attested
To be so, by this—Madam, see you it right?"
She flung down a ring, and the bride, pale as marble,
Stooped, caught at the jewel, and read the name there.
A bird overhead began softly to warble,
The dancers were dancing, the lights shining fair.
But the bride did not come to the feast that awaited:
She called for her father—"Oh, hide me!" cried
she.
While the phantom laughed low at the bridegroom
unmated—
Laughed wildly and low, ere she died at his knees.

A Woman's Hand:

OR,
THE MYSTERY OF MEREDITH PLACE.

BY SEELEY REGESTER,
AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," ETC.

CHAPTER III. THE GOVERNESS.

A few paragraphs will suffice to state all that is necessary to be known with regard to the career of my uncle, Dr. Meredith. His father had been a physician before him—a successful one—and had left this very old stone homestead and its broad acres, with considerable other property, to his son, of whom he had high hopes, seeing how fond he was of the pursuits which had always had such fascinations for himself. But, the first doctor had been a worker and a practical man; the second was a dreamer and an impractical man in many things necessary to an outside prosperity. The plain country people among whom his practice lay, were afraid of him. He was not broad enough in his humor, coarse enough in his jests, nor quick enough in his treatment to give them complete satisfaction; so their patronage was bestowed on worthier aspirants, and my uncle lived very happily with his beautiful and highbred wife, unmindful that the golden thread of prosperity was slipping out of his hands, clad not to be called away too frequently from his darling experiments in the laboratory, and his still more darling wife and child.
Little Lillian was the wonder and glory of the neighborhood. She was a sight worth speaking of when any one had seen her, or her mother—one the reduced image of the other. They rode out nearly every fine day, and the trim little carriage, the glittering harness, the jet-black ponies, and equally jet-black driver, never failed of awakening the same interest and curiosity, while the lady and child were regarded as only a little lower than the angels. Lillian had long, bright hair which rippled down to her waist, a fair, fair face, and splendid dark-hazel eyes which blazed like stars. You see, I describe her, instead of her mother. For, was she not ever, she is not still, the central idea about which all others revolve?
It was Lillian who flew, like a gleam of sunshine, to meet me, when the lumbering stage left me, a penniless orphan-boy, stranded on my uncle's doorstep and my uncle's bounty. She was then ten and I fourteen. I was poor, ill-dressed, and bad. I wondered that she could be so kind to me. My father, although I, too, was a Meredith, never had been anything but a disgrace to his family. A spendthrift, with no settled occupation, he had married an uneducated woman, who yet had a heart which he could break, and who had died in poverty when I was six years old. After her death I was confined to the care of such persons as my father could induce to keep me for small compensation. When my board-bill remained too long unpaid, I would be turned adrift, and then he would find me another home, equally wretched with the last. Thus I had lived, in a city, too, exposed to all the associations besetting a boy who spent



I could not speak nor stir; while she, her alarm subsiding, gave me a searching look.

the most of his time on the street, until I was thirteen, when my father, also, died, writing, on his death-bed, a letter to Dr. Meredith, which resulted in my being sent for by him, and adopted into his family.
I did not then realize how great must have been the generosity, how keen the sense of duty of my uncle, in bringing a child like me into his house, allowing me to sit at his board, to enjoy, under restriction, the companionship of his daughter, and in devoting so much of his time to my neglected education. The patience with which he strove to eradicate my vices and encourage my virtues I was then too young to appreciate. I was ungrateful. I fretted under this unaccustomed restraint. My new life would have been intolerable had it not been for the boundless passion I cherished for my cousin. From the moment my eyes fell upon her I had exalted her to a niche in the neglected temple of my soul where I daily knelt before her image worshipping her as something supremely beautiful and holy.
"He is too much like his father," my uncle would say, with a sigh, when I had deserted my duties for some reckless piece of mischief, or the society of the workmen of the place. "If he has been made wrong we must remake him," my aunt would answer, bending such a gentle, pitiful regard on me, as melted me, secretly, to remorse and good resolutions. I did try; but I was like my father, and I was the victim of a most pernicious training. If Lillian, so happy, so pure, could have dreamed of my struggles, my agonies of shame, my resolutions made only to be broken, she would, perhaps, have held out her little soft hand to help me. But she regarded me, generally, with a shy curiosity mingled with a slight degree of aversion for the "naughty boy." Her evident natural craving for child-society and liking for me were held in check by opposing feelings of doubt and mistrust. I resented this bitterly while I worshipped her none the less passionately. My heart was softer toward Mrs. Meredith than any other living person. Alas! before I had dwelt a year under her soothing influence, she was snatched from us all, dying suddenly of a prevailing fever.
Her death was a terrible calamity. It made me very wretched; but when I looked into my uncle's face, I saw a shadow there which I felt would never lighten. I was very lonely the succeeding year. Lillian and I were separated more than ever. Except at table we seldom met. Possibly the mother, on her death-bed, warned my uncle to be cautious of allowing an intimacy to spring up between us, for he seemed very jealous of his child, and evidently had placed her, and the young lady whom he had procured as governess and companion for her, under limitations as to the extent of their friendly offices toward me. He did not intend to harden me, nor to rob me of the womanly influences which I secretly craved; he but sought to protect his own, while doing no injustice to me. He did not neglect me; in all his troubles, he gave daily attention to my studies, but there was a mechanism in his instruction which taught me, instinctively, that his heart was not in his work.
In the mean time another shadow was creeping over Meredith Place—the gaunt shadow of poverty. While his wife lived, the Doctor had indulged in a liberal and elegant style suited to her habits and tastes; she died just in time to escape the knowledge that he had lived up all his means, even to selling a portion of the farmlands properly belonging to Meredith Place, and that his income from his profession was ludicrously inadequate to the expenditures of the place.
Now, instead of seeking to enlarge his practice, he shrank more into his library and laboratory than ever. His intercourse with his own family was principally confined to the table. In vain Miss Miller, Lillian's governess, sought to entertain and amuse him, to draw him into the parlor after tea, or into a walk on the lawn with his little daughter and herself.
Young as I was at that time, I possessed a natural acumen which made me keenly sensible

to the arts and graces practiced by this woman upon the unconscious master of the house. Often and often I amused myself both with her skill and audacity, as well as with the mild, innocent indifference of my uncle. Sheathed in the panoply of an impenetrable grief, her cunning arrows glanced from him totally unfelt and unperceived. It was so now—but would it always be so? I did not like the idea of Miss Miller ever becoming Lillian's mother. The mere apprehension that this might be the result of her position in the household, made me dislike her. You may rest assured she was not slow to return this aversion; you may be equally sure that she held the best cards, and that I was powerless to gainsay her misrepresentations.
She was a young woman whom one of her own sex would never have elected to the place which she now filled—for a woman would have read her character by intuition; while she was just the one to dazzle and deceive a man. Accomplished she doubtless was; of a good family, too, and with superior recommendations; handsome, likewise, with black eyes and hair, a sparkling smile and elegant figure. But there was indomitable ambition written on the smooth, broad forehead and rather heavy brow, and a light deep down beneath the surface smile of the dark eye, which was both subtle and bold. A woman not too modest, with talent for any kind of a sharp game in life, and with a restless temperament which always would be prompting to action.
Why should such a woman settle down into the quiet routine of Meredith Place? I felt quite sure that her duties as governess to one apt and loving little pupil were not her most engrossing occupations.
However, as I have said, she held the winning cards. What could a lad, with an untarnished reputation and unblemished manners, do, in the struggle with a person of her position? If I was too sharp; if she felt that my curious regard was upon her when she was making herself all that was attractive and sympathetic to the mourning widow; if her cheek often flushed under the wicked look I forgot to suppress, she had her revenge. I felt that my uncle liked me less with every day of my stay with him; and Lillian, that sweet, affectionate child, gradually shunned me as if I were something vile or dangerous.
I could not endure this. I had the Meredith pride, if I had not the Meredith dignity. The United States took a fancy to enlarge her possessions about that time; the Mexican war passed from rumor into reality; my long-cherished purpose to run away from a home which I enjoyed upon sufferance only, took tangible shape. At fifteen I was a drummer-boy marching in the van or lagging in the rear of my regiment, following the stars-and-stripes to tropic skies, my fancy gorgeous with visions of a land of flowers and beauty, my ambition sweeping upward toward the gold eagle of promotion—the suffering and ennu of Meredith Place sinking back into the far-away, lighted by only one ray of heavenly light—the ever-present memory of my cousin Lillian.
For her, I would win glory and renown; for her my name should become associated with great deeds; my enemies should rescind their opinions, and triumph should be mine.
In the meantime, I marched away to privations, hardships, evil company and many temptations, leaving my relatives entirely ignorant of my destiny, and thinking this crowning act of my life, this running away in the night, without farewell or word as to my purposes, only what was to be expected of me.

CHAPTER IV. MEREDITH PLACE, IN SHADOW.

Two years thereafter I re-entered the large square hall of the old stone house. The door stood open, as it always did in summer-time; the door at the rear also stood wide, and a breeze, rich with the perfumes of the flower-garden, was wafted toward me as I entered. No one had noticed my approach, which gave

me leisure to observe how all things remained unchanged during what seemed to me so long, long a time. The ivy waved from the tower, the cat lay sleeping in the sun on the mat, the old settee was ranged along the wall, the pictures hung there—all as if it were only yesterday I had deserted them. A broad beam of the declining sun shot through from the back entrance, touched, it seemed to me, with the color and fragrance of the old garden which I had once loved so well, and my heart cried out, with the cry of a child for love, forgiveness, welcome. Oh, that I had a mother, or a father! oh, that Lillian were my friend—my sister! oh, that even my uncle regarded me with justice, if not tenderness!
But, the broad beam crept forward and sought me out, showing me the dust, and stains, and tatters of my faded army blue. My uncle had not approved of the war, and it was not likely that he would approve of my part in it, insignificant as that share had been. Involuntarily I turned to the mirror set into the wall, and glanced at the tall, strapping form, looking taller and thinner than I should from the emaciation of sickness and pain—the yellow skin, the hectic color on the cheek, the faded uniform, the broken arm still in its sling—my right arm, the bone of which had been so shattered as to have been saved only by the surgeon's careful skill, and which threatened never more to be of any great service. Why had I wandered back here? I had no claims upon my relatives; I was not loved by them. "It would be better to steal away unannounced—with one backward glance to give up Meredith Place forever—than to yield to that weak craving of my heart which had led me here."
I was about to turn, at this suggestion of pride, when a shadow fell athwart the sunshine filling the door, a light step sounded, a young girl advanced into the hall a few paces, when, perceiving me, standing there like a beggar or worse, she was surprised into dropping the roses from her hands, and almost into a scream. A young creature, glowing, lovely, material—not a vision unsubstantial as a dream.
I recognized my cousin Lillian only at the second glance, such a charm had those two years worked upon her. Neither a woman nor a child; indescribably fresh and radiant, like the roses she had been gathering; plenty of color in her cheeks; her eyes, so dark and bright, flashing with surprise—I can even remember the dress she wore, although our sex is said not to remark such things. But to me that vision always has remained as a picture, perfect in all, even in tint and color. The floating lilac muslin, the rosy sash, the white shoulders gleaming from a golden cloud of curls—my heart rose up in my throat and choked me. I could not speak nor stir; while she, her alarm subsiding, gave me a searching look, and as the light of recognition dawned over her face, I saw neither anger nor dislike.
"Is it you, cousin Joe?"
I held out my left hand; still I could not speak. I always had loved my little cousin, but this young girl was a new creation, and to hear her call me by name with that soft voice, to feel her clasp my hand with that eager pressure, sent a thrill through my veins which was the quickening of the dead. In that moment I was born again to new resolves and aspirations; but it always was my fate to appear at a disadvantage. I could not answer; and when she glanced at my wounded arm, I blushed like one guilty of some wrong.
"Poor Joe! We heard you were wounded at Vera Cruz. Is it bad?" touching lightly the sling.
"Bad enough, Lillian," I managed to say. "So you heard of me?"
"Yes, papa heard, a few months ago. Besides, we saw your name in the papers. You were reported to have been very brave." She smiled, and I blushed yet deeper.
"Is your father very angry with me?"
"I think he will be glad to hear you have come back."
"Is he well, Lillian? Is he married again?"

"Married again!" echoed my cousin, with a gay laugh—the idea was a novel one to her; the next instant her face clouded over, and she added, sadly, "he will never marry, cousin Joe. He never forgets, for one hour, my dear mamma."
"Forgive me; I always blunder, you know."
Here some one stepped out from the drawing-room, a lady, dressed in black silk, with black hair and eyes, who chilled the sunshine for me—Miss Miller, looking not a day older, strong and triumphant as ever, casting upon me a glance of cool dislike and inquiry, as if I were an intruder whom she had a right to thrust from the hall.
"Miss Miller, here is cousin Joe," cried Lillian, appealingly.
"Ah," said the lady, with the slightest possible bow to me; "does Doctor Meredith know of his arrival?"
The inference was that if he knew, he would disapprove of it. Lillian and I both felt the meaning in her icy tones. I was so weak from sickness and weary from my long journey that I had no courage to renew the combat just then; I began to tremble, and the warmth and strength which had come to me with the revelation of Lillian's beauty and kindness, deserted me at the time when I needed them most.
"Sit down," said my cousin, drawing me toward the settle. "Joe is sick, Miss Miller. Look at his arm. Papa must doctor him up."
"Perhaps. If such is his judgment. In the meantime, you had better announce the arrival to him. No doubt he would desire to be informed of it, Lillian, my dear, if he knew how you were committing yourself."
I chafed at this reproach of my cousin, but she flew away, looking back with a smile, returning in a few moments with her father, and crying before he had an opportunity to speak:
"He has promised to cure you, cousin Joe—to take care of you until you are well. He looks so ill, doesn't he, papa?"
Her gay words took away all formality from the meeting, which I had dreaded even while I sought it. My uncle called me "his poor boy," and said, with a sad, weary smile, that he would kill the fatted calf, if he had one to kill, but that his fatted calves had gone long ago, and there were no new ones to take their place.
From this I gathered a hint of his poverty. It was not many days before I learned the work. The pretty carriage and the jet-black ponies were gone; the sable groom, along with other of the family servants, had been sent to look out new homes for themselves; a pinching economy reigned in the house, and, worst of all, heavy mortgages hung over Meredith Place.
Then it was I began to wonder why Miss Miller still remained. I had reason to believe that her salary was in arrears, and it could not be pleasant for her to share in the privations to which the Doctor silently submitted, and which Lillian was too young and buoyant to greatly heed. If she really loved Doctor Meredith with a true woman's love, which made her willing to serve him to her own detriment, and to share his poverty in case he should yield to her constant influence and make her his wife, I should feel more respect for her than I had yet felt. It might be that, beginning with the ambition to be mistress of Meredith Place, she had learned to love the peculiar and interesting man, still in the prime of life—the quaint discoverer, the earnest scholar, the accomplished, though old-fashioned gentleman. If noble looks, fine personal gifts, talents, and a pure heart, could win this woman's regard, without money, here was the man to gain her affections. She herself had passed that bloom of youth when a girl expects a choice of suitors; she could not be far from thirty-five years of age, although looking twenty-five, and with that showy style of features and manners which would keep her looking no older for some time to come.
It has been said—I do not reaffirm it—that a woman thinks more of marriage, of a home and settlement, than of any and all other advantages. Miss Miller doubtless came to Meredith Place with the purpose to find such settlement there; at first she was unaware of the debts burdening the fine old estate, or the real poverty of its owner; she knew only that it was a grand place and the family one in which it would be an honor to enter. When she slowly discovered the true state of affairs she probably had already allowed her feelings to dwell too fondly on its master. The Doctor was a fascinating man, even to his own sex who had intelligence to appreciate him, his singularity and originality adding to the interest which surrounded him.
I was so much of an invalid during the fall and winter succeeding my return as to be fit for nothing but to lounge about the house. My uncle treated me with more kindness than ever, there being a touch of fatherly tenderness in his ministrations; and I learned to love him, next to Lillian. Vacillating as were my resolves and many my faults, I had the grace to love those whom I loved with a fervor, a passion, a devotion which made up the great part of my impulsive nature. I longed for a man's strength that I might work for him. I bitterly regretted the luck which had flung my good right arm powerless to my side. Day by day I could see the march of anxiety, the advance of trouble, yet I could not prove my willingness to take up the burden, since I could find nothing to do suited to my health and the crippled condition of my limb. The Doctor would flee from duty and the threatening aspect of creditors, deeper and deeper into the intricacies of his laboratory, which afforded him his sole comfort. Miss Miller was so very patient and very devoted that I almost forgot my suspicions of dislike of her. She kept the gloomy old house cheerful with a seemingly spontaneous gaiety; it rung with the music of the piano, and her own magnificent voice; and, no matter how simple and unvaried the table-fare, she presided with the same festive ceremonies. She even began to develop a taste for chemistry. When she found that she could not keep the master of Meredith Place out of his laboratory by the exercise of the natural sorcery of her sex, she followed him into that mysterious den where the practice of various black arts went on continually. With pretty little screams and starts she would combine and dispart the elements, stifle herself with gases and stir the golden fires under the crucibles, cleanse bottles, fill retorts, blow tiny bellows, glance over learned treatises, listen to long lectures, so gracefully, so bewitch-

ingly, that I marveled at the blind composure of my dear uncle under it all. In fact, the Doctor regarded her with something of the same affection he gave to Lillian; all the passion he ever had felt for woman as lover or wife slumbered in the grave of her he had lost.

Still, Miss Miller did not despair; that I could guess from her deportment. I was glad when she took to chemistry, for it removed her from the surveillance of me, hours at a time, when I could be happy in my arm-chair or on my lounge, looking at Lillian, listening to her singing, watching her fingers busy with the needle and her embroideries.

I had begun the study of medicine. My uncle advised it, as I was unfitted for active employment; and I would have been rash and ungrateful to throw away the opportunity to read under such an instructor. I did not like it, on the contrary I had no taste for it; but I had no other way of proving my desire to please him, and my resolution to become industrious and reliable.

Thus affairs drifted slowly on, until the world at large, and the idlers of Hampton township and village began to discuss the marvelous discoveries of gold in California. From the very first rumors which floated about, until his final decision was made, my uncle showed more interest in this subject than he had in anything since his wife's death. All the romance of his nature took fire, as he read and mused over the accounts from that wonderful country. Being a geologist as well as chemist, he felt a keen desire to examine for himself, by the light of science, the fascinating developments of the new El Dorado. He wanted to be free from the mortifications which hampered him, to shake off debts, duns, and depressing memories, to plunge into a new life—and, to make money. He would have this longed-for adventure, and, at the same time, he would lift the shadow from Meredith Place and set it once more to glowing in the full sunshine of prosperity!

Thus he felt and thus decided. Miss Miller opposed him with dismay. But, when she satisfied herself that she had no power to keep him, she yielded, and, in this concession, that she on no account should be absent more than two years. In the meantime, she would promise to remain that length of time, keeping charge of the house, and continuing the studies of her young pupil.

As for me, I was to continue to abide in the house, affording it the protection (!) of my newly-sprouting beard, and making use of the splendid library of the Doctor to perfect myself, as far as was reading could enlighten me, in a knowledge of my father's profession.

A third mortgage was placed on Meredith Place, giving my uncle the means to provide for our subsistence during his absence, and to pay his passage on one of the vessels which, as spring came on, began to turn their prows toward the land of gold.

Dr. Meredith was thus among the earliest adventurers, and soon becoming known as a man of science, his knowledge and services were quickly brought into requisition. His letters were of absorbing interest, though not frequent. The wild, the mad, the strange, peculiar and astonishing aspects of the new life were pictured to us with a vivid pen. The gambles, the street murders, the incredible prices of the necessities of life, the hardships, the destructive fires, the "fever" for gold, with the varying aspects of the disease, the sudden growth of the canvas city, all the novel, and wicked, and pathetic, and outrageous lights and shadows of the picture were touched for us, and we hung over his letters as over some thrilling romance. Before many months he began to announce that he was coming money almost as fast as he could desire. With a forethought for which he had his reward, he had expended a portion of his restricted fund obtained by the mortgage, every dollar which could be spared, in the purchase of *quinine*. His supply of the much-needed and fabulously-dear drug, united with his skill as a physician, and the constant demand upon his services, for which enormous fees were paid, soon placed him on the high road to wealth.

Miss Miller felt that she was about to reap the reward of long and patient waiting. I could read it in the flushed cheek and sparkling eye. At the end of the first year came a remittance with directions to pay up the arrears of her salary, with various small debts made in the village, leaving a surplus which enabled us to indulge in a few luxuries.

Lillian declared she would have a new silk dress made full length like Miss Miller's, and a bonnet like other young ladies—no more hats for her! Her goodness laughed and consented. Indeed, she took great pains with Lillian's summer toilet, causing a variety of pretty dresses and mantles to be made up, and giving her, and all the little ornaments of young ladyhood to be provided.

I enjoyed the sight of my beautiful cousin in these becoming toilets. For the first time in my life I was really happy. Our life was most peaceful. I had the consciousness of duty performed, for I was a close student, and was rewarded for my perseverance by becoming deeply interested in and fond of my medical studies. I was regaining the use of my arm; my health was improving, and with that, my looks also, as my mirror told me. I loved Lillian quietly, with intense but calm feeling; she was pleasant and friendly with me; and Miss Miller let me alone.

Yes! I was happy, for a little, fitting time. In the middle of the summer Miss Miller began to talk about her brother Arthur. He had been overworking himself, through this hot weather, studying law in a New York city office. She had advised him to come to the country for a two months' vacation. She had seen so little of him of late years—and he was her pet; her favorite; the youngest of the family—she felt as if she must have him near her. If she could find a boarding-place not too far away, where Arthur could be comfortable.

The young mistress of Meredith Place put on quite a matronly air, as she assured her dear governess that she should not listen to such a proposition—Miss Miller's friends and relatives had the freedom of Meredith Place. How should we all feel with her brother boarding at a strange house?

Miss Miller kissed the sweet face held up with such animation, and as she finished her embrace I met her eyes darting at me a peculiar, searching glance. I blushed, for I knew that I felt unwilling to have another stranger, a young gentleman, intrude upon our quiet happiness. She smiled at I blushed, and all of a sudden all my old distrust and hatred sprang up full-armed.

Her smile said as plainly as words, that she read me, and my foolish hopes—that she plotted against me—and that now, as ever, she held the winning cards.

In a few days Arthur Miller became our guest. From the instant I met his eye and touched his hand, I hated him a thousand times more intensely than ever I had hated his sister. I confess that my impulses are not to be relied upon; that I am not well-governed; that I was madly jealous of him—and yet, withal, I am certain that I had true ground for my dislike. Jealousy sharpened my glance, but, in this instance, did not discolor it.

Arthur Miller was two or three years older than myself—young enough, but, at that age, giving him immense superiority in the eyes of young ladies—a superiority of which he was keenly sensible. He was very handsome, as far as features, form, and complexion could make him so. To me he was never tolerable looking, because I hated the smooth white, the red lips formed for treacherous words, and the bold, bright eyes, so like his sister's. He dressed elaborately, was graceful, self-possessed, and his silken mustache was "sweet to see," I suppose; I could not appreciate him. My clothes were shabby and old-fashioned, and I had even outgrown them: I was not graceful, and had little self-possession under such disadvantages. Still, I did not under-rate myself. I was handsome, too—or would be in a year or two. My face was an honest one, and his was not.

I saw that he was pleased with Lillian's ex-

quisite beauty; I knew he had resolved, before he had been under the roof of Meredith Place one evening, that he would do his part in furtherance of his sister's desires and designs—whatever these might be.

All was plain enough to me. Dr. Meredith was coming home, rich. Miss Miller, not satisfied with the expectation of becoming the sharer of his fortune, was eager for her favorite brother to "feather his nest" also. It would be pleasant for her to bring about a marriage between him and Lillian. They could all live under one roof, enjoy together the fruits of their labors, while I—was it reasonable to suppose that Meredith Place would be a happy home for me, when these changes had transpired?

Already I began to feel the old desolation;—already I was a wanderer in imagination. Arthur Miller had not been our visitor a week before Lillian neglected me for him. It was natural she should do so. He had the charm of newness, and a thousand other charms. He was gay and attractive, making the acquaintance of dozens where I would not have found time or way for one. The village young people began to find out what a charming and handsome young man he was. We were invited to picnics and evening parties made for Arthur Miller and Lillian Meredith. The pretty toilettes did good service. We gave entertainments in return. Lillian was intoxicated by his smiles, and the draught of social enjoyment. She had lived so very secluded that this gaiety had the power of novelty;—and then she was so lovely and so sweet in her manners that she was flattered and petted almost beyond bearing with equanimity.

I went to all the merry-makings because my cousin insisted, and because my jealousy would not allow me to stay away. It was misery to see them together; yet I could not remain at the old mansion. I felt that Miss Miller would dishonorably in thus throwing her brother upon Lillian's attention, during the absence of her father. If she really believed Arthur a suitable and acceptable companion for her pupil, she should at least have waited for the sanction of her father's presence. It was a cruel thing, doing her duties, as she had promised and assured, to permit and encourage such an intimacy during Doctor Meredith's absence.

Lillian yet was only touching upon womanhood—sixteen that summer—and to involve her in an attachment, perhaps an engagement, appeared to me, under the circumstances, the basest of treachery. If I had liked the young gentleman and approved of him, I should have felt the same. As it was, I hardly knew what course to pursue.

Putting all else aside, my own desires or hopes, I could not reconcile myself to seeing my cousin in the nets of these two spiders. It would not do to write and say as much to Doctor Meredith, since he had won my confidence in Miss Miller than he had in me.

After much hesitation, I wrote, early in the winter, begging him to come home as soon as convenient, but giving no special reason, except that Lillian had become a young lady, and Meredith Place needed a master to keep admirers in awe.

His intention was to return in the spring, and this letter could not much shorten his term of absence.

CHAPTER V.

It was May when Dr. Meredith reached Meredith Place. My letter had found him involved in business which he could not immediately detach himself from, and which attached no great importance to his injunctions.

A telegram from New York informed us of his arrival and gave the ladies of the household opportunity to order a festive dinner, and to adorn themselves, as ladies do, on such occasions, to give welcome to the long-absent master.

As I sat on the porch which commanded a view of the road, looking to see the old coach rolling along the blossom-sprinkled way, pink with the apple and peach blossoms, when she stepped out for an observation. For a moment she was unaware of my presence and I had full opportunity to read her face, which wore an eager, passionate, expectant look, betraying all her hidden love and hope. She was dressed, as usual, in black velvet, low on the shoulders, with brilliant clasps about her bare neck and arms. In her black braids she wore only a bunch of apple-blossoms. Her cheeks, usually rather sallow, were red as a young girl's. She must have expected all her household to greet her in this extravagant dress so unsuited to her position. When she saw me she started, biting her lips in a momentary embarrassment.

"The stage is late," I said, rising; "where is Lillian?"

"Oh, she is at the front gateway. She will meet her father there."

I went out and joined my cousin. I knew that Miss Miller had planned to meet Dr. Meredith alone, where she would dare to betray a tender agitation at the meeting, and when, in the excitement of the moment, she might involuntarily allow him to perceive not only what a splendid woman she was, but how deeply interested she was in him.

So let it be! Since Lillian was lost to me, the affairs of the household might as well be left to the hands so long awaiting authority. My own plans were laid, as well as they could be, in my situation. As soon as my uncle was settled at home, and I had rendered an account of my stewardship, I would leave Meredith Place forever.

I would not say that I had left it forever, but such was my resolve. I would go into some hospital in New York or Philadelphia where I could receive instruction in return for my services; I would be a good physician, an honor to the old time, when I was a student, and I would know—life appeared stale and unprofitable enough.

I trembled as I stood silently by Lillian's side. I had not been alone with her for days and weeks. He was always in the way. To-day, however, he kept his distance. Miss Miller had too much tact to allow him to be too suddenly intruded upon the notice of the long-absent father.

"You are very exclusive, of late," remarked my cousin, with a half-pout, as she leaned over the gate, looking up the road, and not at me. "You are not my old Joe any more."

What a fool I was to be pleased with these words! When Arthur Miller was away she could leisurely to court with me! I despised myself for the thrill of pleasure which ran through me, and fighting it down, answered, quietly:

"I've been very busy. When the Doctor is safely home I expect to take my departure, and I have preparations to complete."

"Cousin Joe, are you going away?" she asked, quickly, turning and laying her rose-leaf hand on my arm.

I thought she looked grieved, that the tears sprung to her eyes, and I never could bear the way she had of saying "Cousin Joe" with-drawn losing all resentment, so I answered much less bitterly than I had felt a moment previous:

"I must go. This is no longer home to me. I must work, and I must go where work is to be found."

"But, Cousin Joe—"

Then the rattle of the wheels was heard, and Lillian sprang outside the gate, forgetful of all; a cloud of dust rose up into the pink and white

blossoms which made one long bower of the country road; the galloping horses came into sight, and the driver, with a style and flourish meant to do honor to his passenger, and to Meredith Place, drew up before the entrance.

I saw the Doctor leap out, and turn to assist a young lady who had sat by his side; but Lillian had seen nothing saving her father's dear face, and she clung to him so fondly, with tears and laughter, that he had finally to disengage her loving arms.

"Lilly, my child, here is another who needs a welcome home. Call her Inez, or mother, or Mrs. Meredith—what you please—only be friends with her, for my sake."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 384.)

THISBE.

She lives in the smoky city.
Low down by the railway line;
She asks for no man's pity,
Nor cares for verse of mine.
She's moving hither and thither,
And often her work is hard;
But sometimes in fine weather
She rests a bit in the yard!
With the empty pail behind her,
She leans her arms on the wall,
And hopes that there he'll find her,
Her lover, strong and tall.
Up in the air above her
The great trains outward go;
And many a lass and her lover
May journey to Jericho.
But when he stoops from his doorway,
And leans his arms on the wall,
The world would be in a poor way
If that were not best of all.

The Velvet Hand:

OR,
THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "KENTUCKY
THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

It was plainly evident that the dusky maid fully believed that she spoke the truth when she declared that but for her, Blanche, the velvet chief would have joined fortunes with the red braves, the masters of the lava rocks and the great northern wilderness, but the thought was folly! What was she to him, or he to her? If he came near the cottage at all it was to woo the waiting-maid, Zimena, and the proud beauty smiled in scorn at the thought.

The night was growing apace; she turned to enter the house, and was amazed to behold a tall, dark form advancing slowly around the corner of the cottage.

It was an Indian—a brave chief wrapped up closely in a ragged blanket. He ducked his head gravely upon perceiving that he was recognized, and uttered the salutation so common to the half-civilized red-man of the West.

"How?"

The girl, well used to the Indians from early childhood, perceived at a glance that this brave was no Californian savage; no red-skin west of the Rocky Mountain range ever boasted such a build.

Upon the appearance of the chief the thought that he was a companion of the girl naturally occurred to the senses of the white, and the Indian soon put that idea to flight.

"Bad squaw—McCloud girl," he said, gravely, nodding his head in the direction taken by the Indian maid. "Chief watch her come—think mebbe she do bad—keep eye on her, you bet, bully boy!"

Blanche then understood that the red-man was claiming to act as a protector.

"Do you know her?" she asked.

"Mebbe yes—not much bad egg! no good McCloud but dead McCloud! Chief see her come—see her creep like wild-cat—think, mebbe, she mean bad—chief 'ante' up too; she 'ante' up, and come in—'ante' up, and white men say chief old, tough son-of-a-gun!"

This was the most peculiar savage that the girl had ever seen.

"What tribe is the chief?" asked Blanche, curious to know from whence he came.

"Blackfoot—tribe fur off—many sleeps away. O-wa-he is a great chief among his people—like white braves too; white chiefs call him Mud-turtle."

The girl had never encountered a member of the Blackfoot nation before, and therefore it was no wonder that she did not recognize the stranger's nation.

"Chief hungry?" continued the brave, impressively. "Like grub—much grub, mebbe—see white squaw gives chief fodder, he watch—see that bad McCloud squaw no come back."

"Certainly, come with me."

Blanche conducted the red-man into the kitchen where his arrival produced quite a sensation among the servants.

Bidding the housekeeper provide a substantial meal for the red-skin the girl withdrew to the privacy of her own apartment, there to meditate in solitude over the strange events of the day.

Mud-turtle had astonished the servants by his uncouth appearance, but he still more astonished them by his enormous appetite and the wonderful command which he possessed over the miners' slang common to the mountain region.

When the housekeeper, an aged dame of uncertain temper, told him that he was as big as an elephant, and could eat as much, he replied placidly that the statement was "too thin," and that she had better "walk off on her ear."

And then, when the hostess of the establishment, a wily little Mexican, took a fancy to a peculiar tobacco-pouch which the Indian wore, about the only thing really that was of much value that the chief possessed, and expressed a wish to purchase it, the Indian whipped out a deck of dirty cards from some hidden recess and offered to play a game of poker, the Mexicans to stake a certain sum of money against the article.

Now, as the hostess rather prided herself upon her skill with cards, he gladly accepted the challenge, but the nimble-fingered Sanchez was a very bungler compared to the stolid savage, for cheat as he was, he was the Mexican could, the chief cheated still better, and within half an hour Sanchez had lost every valuable that he possessed.

And then, as if sighing for new worlds to conquer, the savage folded his blanket around him and stole away, his stomach full and his pockets well lined, thanks to the hostess's desire to possess the tobacco-pouch.

CHAPTER XIX.

LET UP, OLD MAN.

THE dusk of the evening shades was falling fast upon the town of Cinnabar. The miners were beginning to pour into the town, fresh from the mountain gulches and the toils of the

day; the saloons were beginning to freshen up and prepare for business, for it is by night only that the saloon in the mining town does much trade; like some huge beast of prey it slumbers while the sun is high.

Velvet Hand had just finished his supper in the restaurant of the Occidental, and was posing himself outside the hotel, leaning against the corner of the building, trimming his nails with the little pearl-handled knife, ever his constant companion.

Like the saloon-keeper's the gambler's trade thrived only by night, and the keen-eyed Velvet Hand was waiting for the coming of the Californian in order to indulge in their nightly encounter at the card-table.

"He can't possibly keep on at this rate much longer," Velvet Hand mused, in meditation, talking to himself after the fashion of men who make few friendships. "At the rate he is going on, the earnings of the richest lode in California wouldn't supply the dust, and I know that the mine is not doing much, and then, when he is shaken out, who will stand between me and mine! At last the Cinnabar lode will come back to me; not that I care to work it myself, for there are too many unpleasant memories connected with the spot, but no other man shall make money out of it. And when his grip is forced from the mine, what then—what is there left for him—and for her! Ah! these women are always in the way."

"My lord dook!" cried a hoarse voice, close to the ear of the meditating man. "Kin I b'lieve me eyes, or kin I not? Am I dreamin', or is this a wakin' hour, when things air as they seem an' whisky is not?"

Turning, Velvet Hand beheld the person of the redoubtable bummer, the veteran, Joe Bowers.

"How air ye, me noble dook?" continued the vagabond, ducking his head in graceful salutation. "Velvet Hand, old pard, how goes it?"

"Well, what do you want?" the sharp asked, abruptly, and with considerable asperity in his tone.

"Ye're jist ole business, every time, ain't ye?" Mr. Bowers exclaimed, in unbounded admiration. "Ah, pard! I reckon that you ain't changed much, though you've shaved off that big beard an' h'isted on the velvet toga. Now, by Saint Patrick! you look bully!"

Velvet Hand surveyed the bummer for an instant, a peculiar expression upon his face, and the vagabond, quick to read a man's thoughts in his face, saw that the sharp was uncertain how to receive him.

"As a friend, mighty satrap!" he hastened to exclaim. "I'm with yer, tooth and toe-nail! Glad air these aged eyes that they look out'n ag'in upon yer noble face, an' if you feel inclined to stand the drinks for the sake of old times, I'm yer man. Never he it said that ole Joe Bowers refused to 'hist with a friend!"

"A friend, eh?" quoth Velvet Hand, doubtfully; "well now, I am not really certain that I am a friend of yours or that you are a friend of mine."

"Not certain, me lord!" Joe Bowers exclaimed, pathetically. "Oh! kin I b'lieve me own two lookin' ears—kin I trust the eyesight of me smellers! Oh, rocks! think on the old time, when in cahoots we bucked ag'in! Kentucky's game an' busted his consarn. Mebbe it wasn't a man about my size who warned you when the Egyptians came down 'like a wolf on the fold! Oh, no! it was the man around the corner. The original Joe Bowers war not to the front! Who played ghost in the Cinnabar lode and kept the miners out'n it, eh? Was it me or some other man?"

"You think you know me?"

"Most noble dook! you kin bet ducats onto it!" cried Bowers, solemnly. "I knowed yer the moment I set me peepers on yer, although I give you me word as a white man that I had an idea that you had quit the game and 'cashed in your checks' long ago."

"I guess I'm still in the flesh," the sharp quietly returned.

"Well now, I reckon that you air!" the bummer protested, admiringly. "I'd like to see the fellow that sed you, want; he'd be my meat, or else my name ain't Joe Bowers! Say air you still keepin' yer eye on the Cinnabar strike?"

"Why do you ask such a question?" Velvet Hand inquired. "What is the Cinnabar mine to me?"

"Tain't as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but 'tis enough," replied the bummer, in his ridiculous, theatrical way. "Rocks, as I sed a min'ite ago, I reckoned that you had quit the game long ago, an' I constituted myself your heir."

"Indeed! is that so?"

"True as preachin', me noble dook; as you had lost yer grip on the Cinnabar lode, I reckoned that I could spit on my hands and wade in."

"Who do you think I am?" asked the sharp, suddenly.

"Oh, I know yer like a book!" the bummer ejaculated, with a series of knowing winks. "You can't fool this old coon much, I tell yer! Your handle is Dick Velvet—now Velvet Hand—but I knew yer name was Richard something else, and then ag'in when Cherokee was to the fore, an' I reckon thar's a few men in this town that would tremble even now if somebody was to howl out that the Death Shot of Shasta war round, but I won't give it away; wild elephants couldn't tear the thing from me!"

"I'm your man, I am, an' I jest come to you now to say fair and square, of so be as how you've got your eyes on the Cinnabar mine, to let up, old man, an' g'in me a show fur my white alley!"

Velvet Hand had listened with astonishment to the latter part of this speech.

"What have you to do with the Cinnabar mine?" he asked.

"Why, I've got a little rake in thar," Bowers explained.

"How so? I don't understand; you don't mean to say that you have any share in Del Colma's speculation?"

"Oh, no, not at all, but he's about played out, an' when he quits my pardner jumps in," Bowers explained. "You hear me, noble lord! it was all through me that this Californian came to invest in the mine at all. I knowed that it was a good thing, richer'n thunder if the right vein is ever struck ag'in, an' struck it will be one of these days, you kin bet yer boots on it! Well, thar was an old pard of mine, a high-toned chap, jest the cuss to work sich a thing, an' I—thinkin' that you were played for good as I sed afore—told him of the Cinnabar strike, an' he 'histed Del Colma in, fur he had the rocks to start things—"

"If I understand your plan correctly, you intend to 'hist' Del Colma out!" Velvet Hand abruptly interrupted.

"That is our little game; but, as I sed afore I had no idee that you were ever comin' to the fore ag'in, an' so, old pard, I says to you, fair an' easy, let up, old man, if so be as you're goin' for the Cinnabar strike, an' lemme git my little rake outen it!" Bowers exclaimed, imploringly.

"I couldn't think of it," Velvet Hand replied, in his softest manner.

"No, not by a jugful!"

"You're goin' to run the thing yourself?"

"That is what I intend to do; maybe I may not be able to make the ripple, though, the sharp suggested. "You can take a hand against me if you like; the game is an open one, you know."

"Me noble dook, I seek not sudden death!" Mr. Bowers exclaimed, loftily. "Oh, no buck ag'in' you, nary time, this chile will not, I draw out!"

"Are you for or against me?"

"For you, every time—unwonted gold you kin bet onto that!" the bummer responded, promptly. "I reckoned that, mebbe, you might not be willing to see the Cinnabar consarn tossed round like a football, an' I made up my mind to hev a talk with you afore I took another kick at it. I pass—count me out. Yar name is Velvet Hand—you bet; I never knowed you by any other, I savvy. Say, kin you trust me fur a dollar?"

The sharp silently placed a five-dollar gold-piece in his hand, and Mr. Bowers departed in high spirits. There was trouble ahead he was sure, and in troublous times he thrived.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CALIFORNIAN MEETS HIS MASTER.

VELVET HAND watched the bummer swagger off with a quiet smile.

"That fellow has been of use in the past and may be so in the future," he murmured in meditation. "So there is another party after the mine, eh! That is a bit of information worth knowing. It was cheap at five dollars, and who is it? Am I wresting the mine from the Californian that another may step in and enjoy it? Oh, no! whoever the party is he will find that when I shake it out of the hand of the Californian it will drop into my paw and I'll hold it with a grip of iron; neither man nor devil shall wrest it from me!"

But in the list of adversaries the iron-willed velvet sharp had not counted woman.

The figure of the Californian, striding up the street with a gloomy brow, interrupted Velvet Hand's meditation.

"Hallo! here comes my bird!" he muttered, "and out of sorts, too, if his face is any index to his mind. What brings him out so early? He is rarely abroad until after dark."

Del Colma marched straight up to Velvet Hand and the gamster noticed, to his astonishment, that his eyes were fairly flaming with anger.

He paid no attention to the friendly nod of the sharp, and it was quite plain that the Californian's errand was not a pleasant one.

"I want to speak with you a moment if you will have the kindness to follow me," Del Colma said, anger plainly visible in both face and voice.

"Lead on, sir, I am entirely at your service," the other replied, taking no notice whatever of the peculiar manner of the mine-owner.

Del Colma marched up the street, Velvet Hand following close at his heels, until they were fairly beyond the line of the town.

The gloom of the night was growing thicker and thicker, and yet there was still light enough for the two men to plainly distinguish each other's features.

The Californian looked carefully around him, saw that they were secure from observation and not likely to be interrupted, as they were some distance from the road.

"Now, then, sir, a few words with you!" he exclaimed, haughtily.

The manner if not the matter of the speech grated upon Velvet Hand's ears, and he felt strongly inclined to reply in kind; but, as he hadn't the slightest idea of how he could possibly have offended Del Colma, he restrained the impulse until he could learn the reason for the rude treatment, and so replied, quietly:

"As I said before, I am entirely at your service."

"Who are you and what am I?" Del Colma demanded.

"You are one man and I am another," Velvet Hand answered, coolly

Colma shrieked, excited beyond the bounds of endurance, and then lifting his hand he struck the Cinnabar sharp a violent blow in the face. In a second Velvet Hand sprang upon him. He wrenched the Californian from his feet as though he was but a child and forced him over flat upon his back, pressing his powerful knee upon Del Colma's chest; then he drew forth his glittering bowie-knife.

Del Colma was half-stunned by his sudden downfall but he had sense enough left to understand that he was utterly at the mercy of the man whom he had so wantonly provoked. "Strike!" he cried, wild with impotent rage; "the blood of a degenerate nation may be in my veins, but I do not fear to die."

"Kill you, eh?" cried the victor, with a bitter smile; "oh, no, that is not my game. You called me a thief and now I'm going to brand you as a liar. Your life I'll spare but I'll put a mark upon you that will endure to your dying day! The letters L-I-A-R I'll carve on your forehead!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake spare me that!" fairly yelled Del Colma, white with rage and terror; "death rather—death I beg!"

"Why have you attacked and insulted me so grossly—a man who never injured you?"

"You, a gambler, would marry my sister! I know how you meet her in secret—how you gave her a love-token which she accepted!" hissed Del Colma, almost choking with rage.

"A love-token?" cried Velvet Hand, in astonishment. "Why, I never met your sister but once, and then I happened to stop her runaway horse after she and the saddle had parted company with the beast. And when she thanked me she saw the diamond ring gleaming on my finger—the ring which you gave me as a surety for the gaming debt you owe—her ring, which you had no business to thus dispose of. She never suspecting the truth, instantly jumped to the conclusion that it had been lost, and found by me, and asked me if I had found it, and I—the poor, mean, miserable thief of a gambler—lied to the girl rather than tell her that her own noble brother had given me the ring as a security for a gambling debt."

"Is this truth?" Del Colma exclaimed, totally bewildered.

"Truth!" cried Velvet Hand, roughly; "do you want me to drive my knife through your throat and let out some of your hot blood that you use such ugly words?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

PEARL-LILIES.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

To-night I ope'd the casket,
Where your gifts lay cool and fair;
Placed one spray upon my bosom,
And the heart-beats throbbing there
Shook the pearl-pearl valleys—
Like flowers trembling in the air.

Then on memory's outward billows
Sailed my freighted barque of thought,
And I touched the summer glory
Of a dream-land, fancy-wrought—
Drank the wondrous, winking glory
Of ambrosia, poison fraught.

Ah, the fate-spilled, wasted nectar
Touches quivering lips to-night;
And the gift-pearls glow and glimmer,
In the borrowed raiment's light.
As the sweet, dead hours grow vivid
By the tear-drops, flashing bright.

In this misty, tear-drop mirror
I see you waiting there,
For the rustle of my coming—
For my step upon the stair,
Sailing when you see your answer
On my bosom, in my hair.

'Twas a quaint, suggestive answer
To that dear request of thine:
"If you love me, oh, my darling,
Let those fair pearl-lilies shine
On your bosom, in your tresses—
Then I'll know your heart is mine!"

And the wooing semi-dress
Could not veil my answer sweet,
For your glad eyes learned the secret
Of each vibrant, wild heart-beat;
And Love's strong enchantment held us,
In a triumph all complete.

Then—why recall that moment?
Why live o'er a dream like this?
Let it perish with the memory!
Can't it? Ah, that deathless kiss
Holds again my maddened pulses
In the thrills of its bliss.

Force the hands around the casket;
Hide the faded gift from sight;
For I cannot feel the wisdom
Of a father's hand to-night:
Cannot see why you should be black with
Faded in their flower-time bright.

Sowing the Wind;

OR,
THE PRICE SHE PAID.BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE
HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

HERSELF.

PAULINE found Jocelyne sitting beside the window, from which she had removed the woolen stuff, enjoying the cool breeze that swept strongly in, laden with suggestions of rain. The stars were being hidden by a thunder-cloud that was rolling up from the south, and in every minute, and low down in the horizon, flashes of rose-hued lightning were darting.

The lamp was extinguished, and at first the room seemed pitchy dark to the girl coming from the brilliant radiance of the room below, but she soon became accustomed to it, and was glad to tell of her strange discovery where no tell-tale light would disclose the horrid suspicion she feared her face might reveal.

She deposited the portfolio on the floor, and laid the flannels on the chair, then went and sat on the floor at Jocelyne's feet.

"Miss Jocelyne, I told you of the man found murdered in the Park—murdered by a stab-wound—and that no clue was found. What would you think if you suddenly came across a stabbing-knife, rusty and discolored, and hidden away?"

Her eager, intense voice excited Jocelyne's curiosity at once.

"What would I do? I should think I had found a clue. What do you mean, Pauline?"

The girl's black eyes glinted in the fitful, lightning gleams.

"I mean," and her voice sunk to a low, sibilant whisper, "I mean, Miss Jocelyne, that I found such a thing just now, down-stairs, in Miss Iva's closet—she tried to kill you, didn't she? If she would do one she would do the other, wouldn't she?"

Jocelyne sprang to her feet, excitedly.

"Oh, Pauline! what dreadful thing do you say? Iva murder—oh, Pauline!"

"Then what does the little rusty weapon mean? It is what you call a stiletto, a poniard, a dagger. What is it doing there? They couldn't find it at the time!"

Jocelyne was shivering perceptibly, and her dark eyes had a piteous, horrified light in them. "It cannot be! Oh, it cannot be, Pauline! I can understand why she would wish me dead, but—he—was a stranger to her—an utter stranger!"

"I can remember how strangely she has acted ever since. I remember how she has been unusually careful not to send me to that closet. I see now. I can recall how wakeful she has been, and how she insisted on having the door between

her sleeping-room and mine open. Miss Jocelyne, before God, I believe there is something in it!"

Her black eyes were shining luridly, in strange contrast to her ghastly, horrified face.

"And to think Mr. Ithamar will marry her! To think he will have for his wife a woman who secretes a stiletto that gone could find when a man stabbed to death was found just at her door! Miss Jocelyne, what shall we do? God guide us—what must we do?"

Jocelyne leaned back in her chair, pale, horror-stricken at the awful suspicion that had fastened on them both. The girl's earnest words—that Mr. Ithamar would marry such an one—were like probes to her sick heart. What ought she to do? What was her duty? Surely, surely, she must be saved; at least, she should know the terrible suspicion—then, do as he thought best.

Pauline had recaptured the window and lighted the lamp, while Jocelyne sat collecting her thoughts.

"I cannot tell, I dare not tell, what we should do. Pauline, don't ask me. I am going away to-morrow—going away where no one will ever know me, where I will never hear of my darling again. I will go, and then, after I am gone, if you wish to tell him, you can. But you will never break your promise to me concerning my sister! You have promised, Pauline, never to tell him I am alive."

Pauline's face was growing sternly calm. The glitter in her black eyes was giving place to a steady, resolute light.

"I promised you, Miss Jocelyne, Mr. Ithamar will never hear of me by the words that you are alive. You may believe me."

"I do believe you; you have proved yourself a dear, good friend. I never can recompense you for your kindness, but I will pray God to bless you, and save you from the woe I have seen and suffered!"

The girl reverently, affectionately kissed the fair, white hand that lay on her shoulder.

"I would like to see you happy again, Miss Jocelyne!"

Jocelyne's low, pathetic voice was infinitely touching to hear.

"I shall never be happy again, in this world, Pauline, but the remembrance of your kindness will be a bright spot to look back upon. And now, as I have so much before me for to-morrow, I think I will try and sleep to-night. Undress me, Pauline, as you used to do—oh, so long ago—and I will try to imagine for one little moment it has all been a hideous dream."

Pauline gently undressed her, and put on a dainty lace-trimmed night-dress. She unbound her lovely hair, that rippled below her waist.

Then she dragged in a mattress from the store-room adjoining, and with sheets and blankets made a comfortable couch—a pitifully humble bed, in such strong contrast with the queenly young creature who so thankfully laid herself upon it.

"I had better take the key, Miss Jocelyne, for I will want to come in and take a look at myself by and by. You can trust me with the key?"

"With my life, Pauline, if it were necessary."

And, as Pauline gently closed the door, the last glimpse she had of Jocelyne was as she knelt beside the chair, her dark hair falling like a cloud over her, her fair hands lightly clasped, her beautiful face bowed in silent, earnest devotion.

Pauline made her way cautiously down-stairs, not desiring that her mistress should know of her presence in the house. In the lower hall she heard the sound of voices bidding their host and hostess good-night, and she knew she had just time to secure the stiletto and rearrange the closet so that a cursory glance would not excite suspicion before her mistress came up for the night. She glanced in her own little bedroom to see that everything was in order for the maid who was to occupy her place for the night, and then, with the pale calmness on her face, and the steady, resolute light in her eyes, she went down by the side stairs as Rose went to her room for the night by the front stairs.

She crossed the hall, and rapped at the library door, waiting a second or so in a transient tremor of apprehension.

"I will do it, if I die for it! I told her I would not tell him she was alive—I will not—but she shall know!"

Mr. Ithamar's voice bade her enter, and she went forward, pale, resolute, but strengthened by a grand resolve.

He spoke kindly to her, with his never-failing courtesy.

"Well, Pauline, you wanted to see me! Will you sit down?"

"Mr. Ithamar, I wish to see you on important, very important business. Sir, would you please shut and lock the door?"

He looked gravely at her pallid face and closed eyes, then walked over to the door, unlocked and locked it. Then he came back to where Pauline sat, with a small parcel in her hand.

"Now, Pauline, I will listen to whatever you may have to tell me."

His grave, tranquil tones, so at variance with the subject she had to announce, made it seem a matter of wonder to herself that it was so.

"Mr. Ithamar, first I will ask you to forgive me for daring to take such a liberty as I have just done to you at all. But I did not know what to do, or where to go. I was frightened and worried—because of this, sir."

She unrolled the paper and laid the stiletto on the table—the stiletto that had taken Ernest St. Felix's life in the hands of Ernest St. Felix's wife.

Mr. Ithamar looked at it with quick, unsuspecting eyes.

"Well, Pauline? What is there in this to do me any harm?"

Her voice was eager, low in answer.

"Oh, sir, don't you remember no one could find the instrument with which the man found in the Park was stabbed?"

Mr. Ithamar's face instantly assumed an expression of intense interest.

"I was not at the moment thinking of the murdered man. Where did you find this? You did perfectly right to bring it to me. So far as I can remember the wound was about the size and shape of this dagger. It doubtless will furnish a clue."

He was examining it with keen interest, not looking at the piteous fear on the girl's face, never supposing but what she had found it somewhere in the grounds.

She did not immediately answer, and her silence attracted his attention. He looked up, startled by her face, her eyes, her agitation.

"What is it you still have to say, Pauline? Have you any suspicion you wish to tell me? You may be sure it will not be used to your own disadvantage. Where did you find this?"

"Oh, sir, I found it in the closet in Miss Iva's room!"

He echoed the words mechanically.

"In Miss Iva's room?"

"Hidden in a pile of clothing where it must have been put when it was wet, for there are rust marks where it touched. Mr. Ithamar—what should it be doing there?"

He stood staring down on the dagger, the grave, quiet look on his face gradually giving place to one of agitation and questioning. Then he suddenly looked straight in her eyes, with such a keen, searching light in his own blue eyes that it made her tremble.

"Pauline, what do you mean? You find a little toy stiletto among your mistress's clothes, and from that fact you infer—that she, my betrothed wife, is—a—murderess?"

The words seemed to inspire her courage, spoken though it was in a tone of cold, clear contempt, yet in a way that was courteous.

She arose from her chair, every gesture she made, every flash of her eye, every tone of her voice, attesting to her own belief in what she said.

"I do not know, Mr. Ithamar, what I do think. I only know that the stiletto was there, and that no clue was found to the instrument that caused the murdered man's death. I only know that the woman who would attempt to take the life of her rival would not stop at a second crime."

She was thinking of Jocelyne now—sweet Jocelyne, alone in the dismal attic room. Her grave womanly courtesy of address, her modest, yet brave demeanor, commanded his attention. He drew a chair up to his table, and requested her to be seated again, strangely interested, in spite of himself.

"Now explain to me fully, Pauline, what you mean."

She refused to take the chair, but stood opposite him.

"Mr. Ithamar, will you grant me a very great liberty? A very great favor?"

A flush, first of resentment, then of anguish, crossed his face. "You be a happier man to-night if Jocelyne were alive and well?"

He sprang to his feet.

"For God's sake, question me no further! I have granted you a privilege for her sake, and you use it to harrow my very soul."

He walked to and fro several minutes, while she watched him closely.

"Sir, I do not mean to harrow your soul. God helping me, you will find you've no better friend than the secret I have upon you. And now, Mr. Ithamar, could you bear to be told that I have seen what I supposed was Miss Jocelyne's ghost, but which I will swear was not?"

He looked at her with dumb, wild face.

"Was not? Then, in God's name, what was it?"

She leaned nearer him, and answered:

"Herself!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"ITHAMAR, BEHOLD!"

"Herself? Why do you torment me so? Herself? When you know, and I know, she is dead and buried. Pauline! I have borne all I can from you. You must leave me now."

His voice was anguished, convulsed with woe, and he almost staggered to open the door for her.

"I will go, sir, in one moment. But before I go, I will tell you that, although you saw her lying in her coffin and laid away in the vault, although you have mourned her dead these months—I swear, before God, it was herself, her sweet living self, I saw, that you saw, that Miss Iva said. It is a strange story, sir—shall I tell you? Will you believe it, or doubt as I did, until I could doubt no more?"

He stood like some petrified statue midway between the table and door, his blue eyes burning with wild, awful fire, his grand face ghastly, his strong arms like a woman's.

"Tell me! In God's name, explain, quickly!"

His voice was broken, hoarse, as he reeled against the wall for support.

"You have heard of cases of suspended animation, sir—cases where the bodies have been buried while in that state? You have heard of people being rescued, of coming back to life again?"

He stood listening in a perfect agony of horrible suspense, and yet, hardly able to grasp what she was saying.

"Rescued! My little Jocelyne rescued from her coffin!"

"Rescued, sir, from the coffin where she was placed there by the merciless hand of her rival—the lady who is to be your wife. Can you comprehend? Do you understand that Miss Iva Ithamar's attempt to remove her failed, and that she was rescued by the man who was found dead in the Park—Ernest St. Felix, but Sainton whom we all know?"

Her eager words fell on his ears like hot coals. He stood there, motionless, dumb, petrified into an awful horror. He had a dazed look in his eyes, and his face was as pale as death.

"What, then, is she?"

Pauline went up to him, and laid her hand on his sleeve.

"If you will tell me one thing, Mr. Ithamar—tell me in all sincerity, tell me as a man of life and death—will you tell me if you still love Miss Jocelyne better than any one else? Would it be your greatest earthly happiness to see her here, as she used to be?"

A sudden, unearthly glory shone over his face at the question. "I love her as I love myself. I would exchange my whole life to once more have her with me again—my little love, my one, only love!"

It was enough. Pauline had settled the only doubt she had entertained, the possibly Jocelyne had been right in saying he had forgotten her.

"Wait here—wait until I come. You will?"

His glittering blue eyes were full of feverish unrest and anxiety, and he was in a state of terrible nervous excitement, the while it seemed that he was not able to perfectly realize all she meant. But he gave her his promise, and she fairly flew up the stairs, and left herself in Jocelyne's room, where she still found her wakeful and restless presence.

"I cannot get to sleep, Pauline. I do not know what can be the matter, but I feel so strangely."

"Your nerves have been upset, poor dear, with all you've undergone. If you are wakened, suppose you take a farewell tour of the house again? Everybody is in their own room, and I will see that the coast is clear. Would you care to go?"

Jocelyne sprang to her feet.

"Oh, Pauline, I will not leave you one more look at—at—Guards! Where is my dress, Pauline! Are you sure no one is up?"

"The house is still as a mouse. You need have no fear. And Miss Jocelyne, if you are determined to see Mr. Ithamar again, I will tell you he is in the library. You can see him from among the shadows of the drawing-room."

The burial-robes donned, the two proceeded down the stairs, Pauline first, and Jocelyne following like a veritable spirit, with soft, noiseless tread.

The drawing-room door was ajar, and Jocelyne crept in, keeping in the darkest shadows, cautiously fearful lest she should possibly be seen, while Pauline kept behind her.

The folding-doors were partly open, and from her shadowy post of espionage, Jocelyne looked in and saw her lover sitting beside the library table, his head drooped upon his breast, his arms folded in a weariness of misery that touched her to the heart.

She stood looking at him, all her soul yearning over him in this last pitiful farewell glance, all her passionately-loving heart in her splendid dark eyes—when the gas was suddenly lighted, and she stood revealed before him, and Pauline's excited voice rang shrilly out:

"Mr. Ithamar—behold!"

He sprang from his chair with a cry of rapture and awe, as he had done the night he believed he had seen her ghost, while Jocelyne, frozen into an awful agony, that she had, after all, intruded herself between him and happiness, stood like a statue.

One second of deathlike stillness followed.

Then Ithamar's voice was in her ears, and his arms were tightly crushing her to his breast, and she was conscious that he loved her as he never had done before, that she had returned from the grave to crown his life with perfection.

Pauline had discreetly withdrawn, and for an hour the two exchanged their sacred confidences, while over and over again Jocelyne related her story, and over and over again heard from her lover's lips the assurance that he never had ceased loving her, never for one moment.

Into the sacredness of such an interview no one should seek to pry, and we forbear to lift the curtain on that sweetly solemn occasion, such as is not given to any to know but they who, like them, have come up from great tribulations.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL FOR LOVE.

ROSE ST. FELIX had bidden her lover good-night, and had gone to her room, where, according to her instructions, a brilliant light was burning, as to her own reading and writing. She had given her maid, Pauline permission to be absent for the night, and in her place one of the maid-servants from below was to remain for companionship.

The night was storm-boding, and the lightning flashes darted in rose-hued zigzags across the dark sky, and the distant mutterings of thunder were reverberating almost ceaselessly.

She went to the window and looked out into the coming storm, with a soul no less gloomy and sad than the wild night.

All through the evening she had been in unusually bright spirits, and now, when the shadow of her coming doom loomed thickly around her, she tried to imagine it the natural reaction.

Would it not be a natural reaction to interest herself in it, but in vain. She was restless, troubled and strangely ill at ease. She took out some wedding finery that had been sent up from New York that day and tried it on, but even that failed to enchain her attention.

"I am completely distraught to-night; it must be the electrical effects of the storm. I will see if I can sleep my business off."

She disrobed, putting on her dressing wrapper, she unbound her hair, letting it fall in a rich, lustrous shower to her very knees. She carefully put away her jewelry, and then—performed the act she had never missed of performing a night since—

"She went to the closet to ascertain if the dangerous secret was safe. She knew the exact fold in the flannels where she was to thrust her hand. She thrust in her hand—to find the stiletto gone!"

A panic of fear seized her. Could she have been mistaken as to its exact location? She tore off the garments in a perfect frenzy of alarm, and found it was absolutely gone.

A sensation of alarming weakness and horror possessed her as she tried to realize what its absence meant.

She staggered to a chair, overcome with the heavy burden of premonition and gloom that overwhelmed her. She knew the fact of the stiletto having been found in her possession was damning. She knew the secret of its place was hers no longer. Who had found it? And finding, was suspicious enough to take possession of it?

She could not sit still in her chair. She arose and paced the floor, trembling with the nervous chill that had seized her. A dread fear seemed settling on her like a funeral pall, that settled lower and lower, heavier and heavier with every passing moment.

"Something will happen—I know it. I have exceeded myself; I have gone beyond the bounds I set myself. The doom is at hand; I feel it like a tangible clutch at my very heart. They will discover that I killed him; they will hang me—oh, God!"

She clasped her fair hands around her throat, tightly as she dared, feeling a slight sense of suffocation as she did so.

"Never! They shall never hang me! I have cheated Fate itself; I will cheat the law, I will assert itself. I will not be caught unawares."

Her face was pale, and her hands seemed to have lost their brave cunning as she unlocked her writing-desk and taking therefrom a small crystal vial of pale fluid, put it in the pocket of her wrapper.

"It shall never leave me night or day, not a moment. It means sure, sudden death. I have forfeited my soul for human love and human good long ago, and one sin more will not matter. My future I dare not think of; my past I dare not recall; my present—ah, even it is imperiled! I—I—Rose St. Felix, once good, and innocent, and true, have only an eternity of torment to look forward to!"

She unlocked her writing-desk—an elegant, costly toy, with its little silver key, and looked at its rare workmanship.

"For just such things as this I have sold my soul. For lace and jewels and silks and money. And for love! Oh, my God, if ever a woman was lost for love it is I! I will go down to eternal perdition loving him!"

She looked around the handsomely-appointed room with a strange smile on her face. "I cannot tell why, but I feel that I may be taking my farewell of these things. Well, I have lived like a queen. I have been waited upon, and fêted and fawned upon. I have worn that dead girl's shoes well. No one dreams who I am—the friend, the murderer!"

She resumed her weary promenade, her eyes brimming with excitement, her face pale with emotion, that paled even more as there came a rap on her door, and Pauline curtsied as she was admitted.

"If you please, Miss Iva, would you step down in the library one moment? Mr. Ithamar sends his compliments, and would like to see you if you have not retired."

She thought how odd it was that Pauline had been lost for love it is I! I will go down to eternal perdition loving him!"

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grand tragedy. I have cheated you from the first; I have cheated myself and am going to eternal perdition forever; I will cheat you, and the law, to the end!"

She drew forth the uncorked vial and poured the contents down her throat; then stood smiling in their awe-struck faces for one second. Then she fell heavily to the floor, and when they picked her up, she was beyond all human aid.

Our strange story is ended, and we need not linger upon the events that followed—first of which was the almost immediate and private marriage of Mr. Ithamar and Jocelyne Merle, and their departure abroad to escape the natural sensation the affair caused when it became known.

The faithful Pauline was installed as chief of the large corps of servants who remained at Westwood during the Ithamars' absence, and who, with their many friends, accorded them a glad triumphal welcome on their return.

And their lives flowed peacefully on, undisturbed by the petty annoyances of life, which sunk into nothingness in comparison to the actual trouble they had known.

And, blessed in each other's love, Ithamar and his fair wife, Jocelyne, thank God for the calm and the sunshine after the long, terrible storm that so nearly wrecked them.

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and the art, maneuver and plotting of unscrupulous men schemers give the talented author fine vantage ground for his brilliant portraiture of men and women whom thousands of readers will recognize at once as noted characters in Metropolitan Stage, Society and Law-court circles. The story, therefore, is a "Mirror held up to Nature" which is quite likely to create a sensation.

Sunshine Papers.

Musketeers.

A SMALL subject, but—oh, my! If you think they are not of enough account (all a Sunshine Paper, how dreadfully unacquainted with them you must be! Why, do you know their merits? their accomplishments? their characteristics? their habits? their virtues? If not, you are not prepared to speak of them with disdain, nor to banish them from literary fame. Too long have these tiny creatures been ignored in both poetry and prose. It is quite time that some one should give them a place in print.

With the antecedents of the musketo, I will not weary you. By whose will the musketo first became a resident of this mundane sphere, is a subject concerning which I have my own theological belief, but the discussion of which I do not care to enter into, at present. The merits of the musketo are numerous. They send you in from the croquet-ground, when your excitement in the game causes you to forget that the "early dews are falling" and your dress and boots are excessively thin. They afford excellent excuses to young ladies for leaving that pretty nook in the rocks, or that mossy seat on a fallen tree, and joining the other pic-nickers just as the *tele-uteles* in which they have been indulging with their attendant swains become a trifle too personal. They will not allow you to remain comfortably upon the piazza after the sun sets and malaria is in the air. They are always conveniently ready to bear the blame of naughty little impressions that are made when some one steps on your slippers, or tears your muslin. They keep you awake at night, and so make you good-tempered in the morning. They are fond of the children.

And then, their accomplishments! Musketo is light and graceful dancers; and tireless ones as well. Moreover, they are excellent indicators of the cardinal virtues; they help one to be persevering, patient, gentle, amiable, abhorrent of profanity. They have, also, a peculiarly accomplished way of beautifying the faces, hands and limbs of their friends. The baby wakes up with its face so charmingly tattooed; you look in your mirror and admire the deep color and improved size of your ears, the fashion in which one eye is closed, and the little lumps on your nasal organ.

Besides these varied and admirable accomplishments, musketo is an exquisite musician. Who, that loves music, would willingly have these dear little songsters banished from his bedroom! How low, how sweet, how plaintive, how distinctly, they sing their little songs around the pillows of those they love!

The chief characteristics of these charming insects, their extreme smallness, excessive fragility, remarkable power, wonderful vigilance, unparalleled wakefulness, and the intense democracy of their principles. Though so tiny and so delicate of stature, musketo has great power over the acts, minds, manners, and morals of individuals, and can often produce in the hearts of the strongest men and women great emotion. They never sleep, and with beautiful devotion and untiring vigilance follow the goings and comings, and guard the slumbers of mortals. Nor do they put on aristocratic airs. They fully believe in a true democracy, and they visit alike the homes of the high and the haunts of the lowly.

In their habits, musketo are very sociable. They enjoy plenty of human society, and they are playful. Did you ever try to grab a musketo in your hand? Did you ever try to very eyes, laughing at your failure? Did you ever hear several hundreds of them about your bed, and get up and light a lamp, and find any—even one—there? The playful little creatures are under the bedstead, dancing about the top of the ceiling, peeping at you from beneath the bureau—anywhere but where you can see them. But when you turn down the light, and creep back to your couch, they all come trooping, singing, laughing back, full of good nature and frolic at having gotten the best of you. You ought to enjoy the fun, too. Perhaps you do.

The musketo is the embodiment of several rare virtues. He is forgiving, friendly, and so happy of disposition that he always goes about singing. He is persevering. If he does not soothe you the first time, he does not tire of trying and trying again. He is enterprising. Screens, nets, powder, smoke, penuryroyal will not keep him from roving where he will. He is patient. He will spend hours, yes, the whole night, endeavoring, with his little song, to hush one restless individual to sleep.

Oh! musketo, thou thing of many virtues, of many accomplishments, of many merits! I have sought to represent thee as thou art; to make men see how worthy a subject, in thee, I have found for my pen; to raise thee to that place on the ladder of fame that thy qualities should earn for thee; but I know full well the business of human nature, and because thou hast one little fault, for thy carnivorousness, men and housemaids will still go on sending thee to a hasty end, through the medium of a broom with a wet wool over it!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WOULD THEY?

I HAVE heard many people give utterance to the expression, "If I could but live my life over again, how different would I act," and I wondered, if they could have their wish, if they would act differently. I don't dispute the fact that they think they would, but my idea is that they wouldn't be much difference.

If the spendthrift could live his life over, would he be more saving and prudent? "Needful" for a rainy day? Would he patronize the savings bank and believe that a comfortable abode in one place was preferable to roving about here and there, and that the loved ones at home are better than bar-room companions? Would these vile calumniators who spread their scandal and slander broadcast make a better use of their time, tongue and pen, or would they still worry people into their graves before their time?

Would those who have gone astray and wandered into paths forbidden, pursue a more upright and noble life, and live for the elevation and not degradation of humanity? Would they count the cost before they decided to enter into a compact with Satan and barter away their souls for mere dross?

Would we speak more kindly to those who are around us, act less harshly toward our neighbor, and treat those with whom we come in contact as though we wanted to have them around us, and not desire to kick them out of the way and have done with them forever?

Would we be kinder to those who are near the last milestone of life, more patient with the fractious invalid whose pleasures are few and pains many?

Would John scold so much because the baby is cross and awake all night, depriving him of his rest? When he sees that little form carried to Greenwood cemetery, and knows that, never on earth, will he again see its features, will he not wish he had complained less and done more? Would not the cry of that babe, fretful as he thought it, be the sweetest music to his ears? Treasures are never valued so much as when lost.

Would fathers who have dissipated sons, be so strict as not to allow their children any pleasure at home, and cause them to seek it elsewhere, in disreputable company? Would others be too indulgent and let their offspring grow up like weeds? Would dissipated sons wander after strange and questionable pleasures if homes were more attractive? Would daughters spend half their time in frivolous amusement, if there was such a blessed thing to them as "home, sweet home?" Would sewing societies do more and talk less—find out the good in one's character and imitate it, instead of prying out the bad qualities of one's neighbor and commenting too harshly upon them?

Would we be so apt to berate certain professions and callings, and then ask them to help us out of our troubles with the very money we think they have earned in a manner of which we do not approve? Would we see that one can be as much respected in one profession as another, provided they earned their money honorably and behaved respectfully.

Would politicians fight as much for the public good as they do now for a good fat office? Would they be more conscientious and truth-telling? Would people be as willing to live for you as they pretend to be? Would they be as willing to cheer and comfort, and not refuse a slight favor, as they profess to be willing to "go through fire and water" to serve you?

These are wonderings which intrude themselves in many persons' thoughts at various times. If we could but live our lives over again! But, as we cannot, why not devote the remainder of our present life to carrying out the ideas as far as possible, which we think we would act upon? We cannot call the dead to life; we cannot undo the wrong done them; we cannot rectify the mischief we have worked; but we can still live for something noble and true. Heaven knows there is enough for us all to do, and Heaven also knows how sadly we neglect the work assigned us.

Too late now, you think! It is never too late to turn over the new leaf!

EVE LAWLESS.

The world is good in its place. If kept within the heart, like the water outside of the ship, it may aid to bear us to the haven of eternal rest. But as the water, if allowed to come within the ship, soon fills and sinks it, so the world, if it gets into the heart, will be its ruin. To possess the world may not be injurious—to be possessed by it is destructive alike to character, to happiness and to the soul.

THERE is a sort of natural instinct or human dignity in the heart of man which steels his very nerves not to bend beneath the blow of an adversity. The palm tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight; even so the character of a man. There is no merit in it, it is a law of psychology. The petty pangs of small daily cares have often been the characters of men, but great misfortunes seldom. There is less danger in this than in great good luck.

Foolscap Papers.

Serving Turkey.

THE celebrity which I gained in our late misunderstanding, in leading my men out of danger, caused the Sultan to send me an invitation (scented, with stamp inclosed) to come over and enter his service.

[I might add here that my extreme care of my men in avoiding personal peril has had a wonderful effect in raising volunteers. They all follow me—and would if I wasn't there.]

I was made colonel of a regiment stationed on the Danube, with orders to allow no Russians to cross over, unless they had paid for their passage in advance and had tickets. I had untied several fresh papers of torpedoes to blow up their gunboats in case they came over without tickets.

The Danube lay between us, and I believe the troops on either side were glad of it. Neither side wanted to cross over it by tunneling under it. I was afraid lest some Russian idiotic general would dig a canal around to the rear of them, and turn Dan Ube into it, thus leaving themselves on our side; but they did not think of that.

The most remarkable part of the war was performed by myself and a squad of men. A Russian iron-clad lay opposite us. One dark night we rowed over in a skiff, unhitched the anchor, and towed the monitor over to our side. The garrison was below asleep, and the question was, what would we do with them? If they woke up we were gone. We began to nail the port-holes up to shut them in when they woke out of their slumbers. And we went. Such venturing you never saw; but it was policy. They went back.

I set to work constructing an iron-clad on my own design. It was a powerful affair; the plates were of enormous thickness, and could not be penetrated by any rifled projectile. It was perfectly safe, and on that principle I worked. It cost the Turkish government two million dollars. It was a grand thing, never equaled. When ready to launch, the government inspectors came to see it. The first thing they asked was, where are the port-holes? Port-holes! I didn't intend to have any, from the fact that so much damage and loss of life is caused by port-holes; the enemy's balls come right into them, and play smash, and it is much safer without them, and with that monitor I could go right past a fort or a fleet.

"But," said they, "how in thunder are you going to shoot out of the blamed thing?" It hadn't occurred to me. I had been so interested in regard to the balls coming in, that I had entirely forgotten about the balls going out. Port-holes were ordered in and I went out.

We occasionally exchanged shots with a Russian fortress opposite (for whose name I beg to refer you to the latest war maps, as I have not time to write it), commanded by a general whose name I could only spell with a hop, skip and jump, double somersault, a chug in the back, and a look at the sun. In one day we shot a thousand—balls, and killed great quantities of—time.

My cavalry corps was in excellent condition, and the fact that the Russians could not cross the river did not make them less brave; and I frequently received the thanks of His Sultanic Majesty for the splendid organization of my troops. I organized them with hand-organs.

We captured a boat with Russian supplies. They live on light diet—that is to say, on tallow candles, and of course they were left in the dark for food, a thing they could not make light of. The candles were old and somewhat moldy, but that does not make any difference to a Russian.

I was ordered to Kars, though we did not go there in cars, and in the first gallant charge, I lost two thousand men—they were captured. The youth took the name of his tutor, and it was policy to allow the Russians to capture our troops in large bodies, until they would eventually eat them out of house and home, and become numerous enough to take all Russia. They thought I was following out the plan well enough, but thought the plan would depopulate the army.

I then perfected an army musket, and manufactured them in great quantities. They were on the principle of the old muskets of my boyhood's days, or more so—regular kickers. When the troops, armed with these, got into battle, all they had to do was to aim the club ends of them at the enemy, and the muskets went a-whopping in their midst, causing much surprise and slaughter. The balls staid. You see by this, although there was some expense connected with the muskets, there was a great saving in the balls. The muskets were charged to go, and they went. I never got all the credit I deserved for this efficient invention.

I also invented a plan for disabling Russian batteries and rendering them useless in an engagement. It was to bore a large hole in each cannon, directly under the touch-hole, through which the force of the powder would expend, and no damage could then be done, and the capture of whole batteries would be an easy matter. I worked a good while to discover this plan, which was a good one, they said, but how was I to get a chance to put the holes in the guns? This hadn't struck me.

I led my troops out of a terrific battle one day in such fine style, that hardly a man was lost. Speed in all things is the example I always set before my men. I advocate celerity of movement.

One thing I have not been fully credited for, and that is I prevented more bloodshed when I was in command in Turkey than any other officer. They rather thought I prevented too much of it.

In a hard contest, when I saw the day was lost to me, my pulse stopped completely, but I had the satisfaction of being repulsed.

I had command of Kalafat, which the Russians desperately besieged, evidently under the impression that the name was a misprint for tallow fat; but I held out—my sword, and was paroled—one of my chief roles. But, as a general thing, it was observed that wherever my troops were there was peace. It was a little remarkable.

But I had taken a couple of pigs to raise at home, and the Sultan said he would relieve me of the rigors of war and pay my way home to tend to them. I sailed slowly home, but I left a name there which will long be remembered. I wish I had brought it along.

WAR-RANTING YOUNG.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—Large beds of coal have been discovered along the Yellowstone River. Hundreds of tons are in sight, like ore on the dump.

—Albion is 53; Ole Bull, 67; Von Bulow, 47; Jules Benedict, 72; Jenny Lind, 59; Gounod, 53; Pauline Lucre, 37; Nilsson, 34; Offenbach, 59; Sims Reeves, 56; Titiens, 43; Wagner, 64; Wieniawski, 42, and Vieuxtemps, 57.

—It is said that a large number of Western men, principally from Wisconsin, will seek homes in Florida this fall. The sale of public land will attract numerous settlers, and the immigration business will be brisk.

—Macon, Ga., has an ice factory that manufactures 10,000 pounds of ice daily at a cost to consumers of one cent per pound. This is about the rate paid in Savannah, where there are two ice companies who get their supplies from the natural manufactory.

—Texas has fifty wheat-producing counties, one-fifth of which, if fully cultivated, would produce 86,000,000 bushels of grain. It has also 69,130,000 cotton-yielding acres, which, if taxed to the extent of their productivity, would yield 6,962,000 bales of cotton.

—The war in the East has doubled the price of canary bird seeds. This bird provender, but since that territory has become the theater of the war the supply has been cut off. The import of the seeds amounts to about 400 tons per annum. The little warblers will have to change their diet until the Eastern question is settled.

—The County Kilkenny, Ireland, has produced seven brothers, all of whom are over six feet in height, and all massively proportioned, without being corpulent. All of them have become zealous Roman Catholic priests, and are serving in various missions in both hemispheres. The tallest, David, is six feet four inches, and the least tall of them is six feet two inches.

—There are 21 colleges in the New England States. Maine has 4, with 455 students; New Hampshire 1, with 347; Vermont 3, with 172; Massachusetts 9, with 1,918; Rhode Island 1, with 250, and Connecticut 3, with 1,087, making a sum total of 4,179. Of all these colleges Harvard has the largest number (1,370) of students. There are 20 women students at Harvard in the summer schools of chemistry and botany, and 12 at Yale in the school of fine arts.

—The Angora goats from Asia have been introduced into Texas very largely within the last few years. One man now has about 1,000 crossed with the Mexican goat. The hair or wool is long, and will sell from seventy-five cents to a dollar a pound; the skin or hide makes the morocco leather and kid glove; the suet is the best in the world; and the meat of the young is tender and toothsome. On the whole, the goat business in Texas and Mexico promises to be a great feature of their future.

—The birthday of the Prophet was celebrated at Cairo this year with the traditional passage of the mounted innumerable bodies of the faithful. These were mainly from the lowest classes—camel and donkey drivers, grooms, etc.—and numbered some three hundred, over whose prostrate forms the innumerable rode for a quarter of an hour. There were the usual casualties, broken arms and ribs and fractured skulls, while some fifteen of the fanatics have already died, or are likely to do so.

—In Cache Valley, Utah, they have a novel way of catching the grasshoppers. Covered wagons are placed on farms where the hoppers are the thickest, and each wagon is made the temporary coop of a large flock of chickens, which, during the day, are let loose and pick up the jumping insects by the millions. At night, the white principle roosts in the wagon, and are driven to other portions of the farm, let loose again in the morning, and continue daily their destruction of the hoppers.

—General Ord, now in command of the United States troops on the Rio Grande, is a grandson of George IV. and the actress Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom he was married by a Catholic priest, while prince regent. The consent of parliament had not been given, and the marriage was illegal in English laws. A son was born by this union, and consigned to the care of a tutor named Ord, who emigrated with him to this country, and took the name of his tutor, and married a Virginia or Maryland lady, by whom he had two sons, Atlanticus and Pacificus. The first was sent to West Point, and is the general on the Rio Grande. The second became a lawyer in New Orleans, and emigrated to California twenty-five years ago, where he is a judge.

—The Fort Worth Democrat gives us this picture of a Comanche warrior's war rig: "We inspected the warring outfit of a Comanche Indian yesterday, killed three hundred miles west of Jacksboro on the staked plains by a company of United States colored troops. The Comanche rode south with the panther skin encasement, together with the deer-skin belt, trimmed with German silver buttons, from which hung two scalping knives in tawny bead encasements; each knife was marked on the handle with the number of scalp it had severed. One had twelve marks, and the other eight. The whole equipment bore the resemblance of having once upon a time been in the possession of a chief, and to this fact the negro soldier whom the outfit graced testified having seen the Comanche in the act of aiding in the burial. The fellow rode the 7:30 train, and is expecting to raise a good 'stake' from the sale of the curiosity in Pittsburg, which is his destination."

—A California millionaire, whose daughter will shortly marry a French count, is to pay the groom \$100,000 cash down, before the ceremony takes place, the being the price demanded by the condescending foreigner for consenting to share his title with an American-born young woman. The figure seems high, but the investment may not prove to be such a bad speculation after all. A good many of these European counts turn out to be very clever cooks or stylish hairdressers, and should the ambitious papa's mine incontinently peter out, or he get swamped at the stock board, a first-class foreign artist in victrola or hair will be found mighty handy to have about the house. Such fellows command fabulous salaries in San Francisco when times are flush, and they are always willing to set about it. They are a little too given to beating their wives, however, and the day of adversity comes, to make desirable sons-in-law as a general rule.

—During the past spring the United States Fish Commission, and the Maryland Fish Commissioners, hatched out about 9,000,000 young shad in the Susquehanna river at Havre de Grace, over 1,000,000 of which have already been distributed in Western and Southern waters, and about 1,000,000 are now en route to California for the waters of that State. The young shad, thus far, have been sent to Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, Kansas, and Missouri, and more will be distributed within the next few weeks. Adequate preparations are also being made for the distribution of a large number of salmon-eggs and young salmon throughout the country next fall. Over 5,000,000 eggs and young salmon were distributed to the various States last fall, and a larger number will be sent out this season. The principal salmon-hatching establishment is on the MacLeod river, in California, the species of salmon found in those waters being suitable for Eastern rivers like the Susquehanna, Delaware, Potomac, and Cape Fear. A large number of salmon-eggs will be sent to North Carolina this fall to stock the Cape Fear river. The Fish Commissioners of that State have shown great interest in fish-culture, and suitable hatching-houses have been erected by them at several places to facilitate the propagation of food-fishes.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Love's Strategy," "Violet Rosemore," "The Coquette," "The Way of It," "The Wreck," "Uncle Mip's Reverie," "Lulla," "Our Savior's Birth."

Accepted: "Remorse," "Gone," "Pearl Lilies," "The True Test," "A Gun at Night," "What She Won," "Bonny Louise," "The Well-kept Secret," "The Price of the King," "The Sweetest," "Yes, It Is," "Entre Nous."

W. B. Have written by mail. Do not wish to see the MS.

AL. H. Can't say whether or not "Wild Bill" (Wm. Hickox) ever was married.

FRANCIS BOYS. Mr. Aiken is writing for the SATURDAY JOURNAL and will continue to do so. His best work always has been ours.

TRAPPER TOM. We publish only such books as we accept and pay for as manuscripts. We do not care to consider the work you refer to.

VIOLA. We are not in want of the matter you suggest. If we published three weeklies instead of one we could not use all the good things offered.

CONA MAY. Answered your queries in last issue. Also, this is excellent: One part of brandy to eight of water and muriatic acid enough to be just perceptibly sour to the taste. Touch the freckles with this.

WM. L. Poem has several good verses but is too unfinished and too lame in some of its lines for publication. Your taste is yet to be schooled and trained, as well as your skill in rhythmic composition.

A. P. Borax and copperas are excellent disinfectants. Sprinkle freely in the sink, drain and closet-vault. They are odorless, harmless, and better than chloride of lime, which is very offensive to some people.

IRON FIST. Your handwriting is only passable—lacks uniformity, which is very essential to good penmanship. You should study up in the proper use of capital letters and in punctuation. Answer to other queries next week.

M. B. M. The recipe for whooping-cough we cannot now hunt up. A slight amount of oblation will relieve the cough spasm. The cough must have passed away before this reaches you.

ABDREKKE. The Khedive of Egypt, the Emperor of Morocco, the Days of the Sultan of Turkey, all are subjects of the Sultan of Turkey and pay him heavy tribute. Palestine is governed by a governor named by the sultan, as also are the several provinces of Asia Minor.

ALICE. St. Louis, Mo. Never answer advertisements for correspondents. Only harm can come of it. You certainly would not wish your name used commonly in the mouth of any rough rowdy; and your correspondent would be quite likely to turn out a person whom you would not care to claim as an associate.

D. G. M. B. The "Floating College" project originated, we believe, in Michigan University (Ann Arbor, Mich.). Address Commander Thos. S. Phelps, care Secretary Mich. University. The idea is a two-year voyage around the world, with a fine corps of teachers. The cost will be, it is stated, about \$3,000 for each student.

MARY J. writes: "If a lady who has some property marries does she lose control of all her property? Or if she earns money after her marriage is she legally free to make such use of it as she chooses?" A married woman can make just the same disposal of all money that comes to her, *even when by her husband*, as a single woman. The husband has no control over his wife's own property or earnings.

M. G. Accepted list. Favors are welcome. Happy to have you contribute. No telling what you can do. Make up your mind to succeed at any sacrifice and don't be discouraged at failures. Your father can't hold out advice, but your own judgment and indifference and your happiness is assured—a consummation worth all endeavor. Dreams often-times have singular confirmation, especially when you try to make them come true. We wish you all success.

ZEB. All brown sugar is infested with the itebug, said to be almost identical with the *varius* scab. It is this creature that produces the itebug known as the "Grocer's Itch"—coming from the sugar barrel. Never use brown sugar. It is filthy and loaded with repulsive bacteria. The best is the best. Muscovado or Orleans is very disgusting when put under the microscope. Always buy the clarified sugars and molasses; they are *cheapest*, and comparatively free from foreign matter.

OSCAR says: "If I take part in a parlor play, and my role requires me to kiss a lady actor, whom I am supposed to love, ought I to really kiss her or only 'make believe'?" When a young man, who is a lady's friend, and whatever part you play, your chief aim should be to act as naturally, as true to life, as possible; and, though you may not get much credit for it, you should certainly, calmly and naturally, fully carry out the requirements of your part in the play.

COLUMBIA PRESSMAN. The speaker or chairman of the old Continental Congress was elected by the Congress at each session. He was "President of the United States" by virtue of being its chief executive officer, but was not elected as such by the people. No election by the people took place under the old "Confederation"—not until the present Constitution formed the more perfect Union, and named the powers of the Executive and Congress, (1789). There were fourteen "Presidents of Congress" during the period of Confederation, 1774-1789.

MISS B. B. A sweet breath is certainly a great desideratum. Bad breath is due usually to ill health, decaying teeth or a dirty mouth. A very excellent mixture for the mouth is made of: cloves, 12 grains; cinnamon, 40 grains; ginger, 3 drachms; spirits of wine, 1 pint; oil of orange-peel, 12 drops; other essences, 3 drops; essence of peppermint, 3 drachms. These are to be mixed and allowed to soak for a fortnight. Then the liquor is to be filtered off for use. A small quantity of the mixture, rubbed into the mouth as much water as is necessary. Always keep the teeth clean—using the tooth-brush at least twice or thrice a day.

MARY. Toilet-cushions are stuffed very full, and are not made flat. They are finished with a very full, fine quilting of wide satin ribbon, sewed on by one edge so as to stand out stiffly, as around a voluminous cord heading, and tiny ribbon bows at the corners are added. For traveling you will find a dress made of dark blue, green, brown, or of black, the most desirable, and very ribbon bow at the corners which flags are made. It does not retain dust, does not wash easily, and is not injured by water. It is largely manufactured in all dark, and so up to the most delicate shades. Made muslin "brass." There is no prettier adornment for young ladies, in summer, than a free and artistic use of flowers.

W. and L. Monograms and initials on paper are becoming passé. Plain ribbons are used, and nearly square envelopes are "the style."—Quite right to show each other your correspondence. Confidence and intimacy between brothers and sisters is a mutual interest and happiness.—If, in going out evenings, a gentleman friend is met it is quite proper for him to become the sister's escort, but she should see that her brother is not left without congenial company.—Any pleasure or good thing can be enjoyed to excess. Take nothing to satiety. Your happiness need not be sacrificed to the pleasures of a joyous moderation.—Very few women can earn, at the machine, more than ten or eleven dollars per week. Many women clerks serve for six and seven dollars per week.

IDA L. Summit. You are entirely in the wrong; and if you wish to retain your husband's love and have a happy home you must consult his wishes and make him your only earthly guide and counselor. No man who loves devotedly and has a spark of spirit will bear to have his wife treat him as of secondary importance in her life and as a mere tool, directly by the wishes of her mother. No matter how good and kind "she was," when you married you promised, concerning your husband, to forsake all others and cleave unto him as long as ye both should live. He should, now, be the most important consideration in your life. You should consult his tastes, be guided by his advice, and make him your chief confidant. Unless you follow this course your dissensions will increase and your married life be most unhappy.

EN. S. B. Burlington, asks: "Why is the President's house, at Washington, called the 'White House'?" It is built of wood? What is the nickname of Washington? Do all cities have a nickname? If so what is New York's? What is Brooklyn's? Who is Puck? The President's house was, originally, the color of the stone of which it was built—gray. In 1814, during the war known as "the War of 1812," it was set on fire by the British; the stone walls were so discolored by smoke that, when repaired, they were painted white, and it became known as the "White House."

—It was built of sand-stone.—Washington is called the "Federal City" and "City of Magnificent Distances"; the latter name is in reference to the great breadth of its streets and avenues.—Most of our large and prominent cities have a "nickname." New York is popularly known as "Gotham," and Brooklyn is the "City of Churches." There is a "Monumental City," "Crescent City," "City of the Golden Gates,"

LOVE'S DREAM OF LOVE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

There is no tree that wears God's grace
But somewhere bath its kin and kind,
Nor flower along familiar ways
But bath its other in the sea—

There is no shell on the sea's side
But bath its other in the sea—
The water and the world are wide
And no one knows all things that be.

The saddest music ever poured
Some hearing heart-strings caught and strung,
The humblest song that ever soared
Bath somewhere found an answering tongue.

Lives lean to lives, and feel and know;
Hearts lean to hearts, though out of speech,
Like arms of the blind mistletoe
That never, never vainly reach.

Sweet the belief, and half-divine,
To think whatever things there be,
That somewhere, some eye burns for thine,
That somewhere, some heart beats for thee.

That heart which claims thee as its kind
The dying-day may only show;
But thou shalt find it then, and find—
Shalt look into those eyes and know.

Louie's Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I CAN'T see whatever we will do with her. She's a delicate, sickly little thing, and hasn't either the strength or desire to earn her living as the rest of us do—oh, Louie!"

Motherly old Mrs. Simmonds smiled half-provingly, half-indulgently down in the pale wistful face of the girl who sat so quietly beside her, listening to the conversation going on between Mrs. Simmonds and her guest—farmer Alwyn's wife, who had run over with her knitting for an afternoon's visit and to "stay to tea."

They were the very ideals of comfortable, contented, well-to-do farmers' wives; they were portly, and rosy, and bright-eyed—such a contrast, physically, to the slim, hollow-eyed girl who spoke never a word unless specially addressed.

Her name was Louie Harland, and she had been a member of the thrifty Simmonds family for years and years—ever since a bitter cold December day, thirteen years ago, when, a forlorn, half-clothed baby of three years, she had come to the kitchen door, crying, shivering and in barely intelligible words told them she had lost "pappy," and was so cold and hungry. Mrs. Simmonds' big, warm heart had been stirred to its very depths by the sight of the forlorn little wail, and in mingled indignation against the cruel wretch who would permit such a baby to become so ragged and suffering and neglected, and great, tender pity, took the little one in, resolving to keep it in warmth and plenty until "pappy" should search for it—and it had now been fourteen years and Louie Harland had come to be almost regarded as a genuine Simmonds by father and mother and the half-dozen rosy, plump children who loved Louie so dearly.

For she was lovable, and although, as Mrs. Simmonds tenderly declared, the child was fit for nothing—not even competent to earn her salt, yet she was a favorite with them all for her sweet, gentle ways and her patience and willingness to do what little she could.

Only Louie could not work. It seemed to her that of all terrible things the routine of housework was the most terrible, and yet she never hesitated an instant to obediently perform whatever lay within her power, however distasteful the task was.

But—there was one thing Louie loved to do, one thing that made the Simmonds girls and boys sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry, and sometimes feel distressed; that made farmer Simmonds often lay down his pipe in rage, amazed interest, that made dear Mrs. Simmonds wipe her eyes and sob audibly—and that was when Louie would read aloud of winter evenings, or recite some exquisite poem she had memorized, or render some side-splitting monologue from some humorist.

Then, Louie would seem to lose her identity. She would flush with excitement, and her fresh, sweetly-toned young voice would fairly vibrate with the intensity of the enthusiasm; her fragile form would seem to dilate with intensest interest; her dark, intelligent eyes would shine with inspiration, or melt with pathos or glow with humor, and from farmer Simmonds down to little Nell, they all considered Louie's reading a genuine treat.

Only that they never dreamed of appreciating it as they ought—none of them except Will Dayton, Mrs. Simmonds' younger brother, who would hang on Louie's enraptured words with interest scarcely less intense than her own. Only Will, in all his grand strength of healthy manhood, understood and appreciated her sensitive, delicate nature that was attuned to such higher keys than the simple melody to which their lives were contentedly wedded.

Only he knew that it was like an eagle's consort with doves, when Louie, with her fine intelligence, her longing nature, her uncultured talents, her great capabilities, was trying to keep herself down on a level with their equally good but less exalted natures.

He came gradually to care very much for her; until, one day when she went to him with all her heart in her big black eyes, and told him, breathlessly, that Mrs. Leocott, the great lady who was summing at the hotel, had heard her reciting one day when she was driving by, and had instantly come in, and had a long, long talk with her, and the result was she was to go back to New York with her—when Will Dayton heard that, he knew, for sure, that he cared very, very much for Louie—that she had completely filled his heart, and that without her life would lose very many, if not all, its charms.

And right then and there he told her how he loved her, how he should miss her, and begged her to be true in heart to him when she should be away among people who would no doubt be more congenial to her than her old associates.

And Louie had confessed her love and promised to be true to him; and not long after that she went away from the quiet countryside with Mrs. Leocott, and although letters frequently came saying she was well and happy and had found occupation that was easy and delightful to her, still the old farm-house seemed lonesome without her, and Will found it hard work to do without seeing her thin, intelligent, sorrowful face to him so far and lonely.

The late summer days went on, and winter followed, and another summer came, and in all those weary days Louie never came home, and good old Mrs. Simmonds used to complain and fret that Louie had forgotten them, that Louie had found other friends to take their places; while only Will Dayton would not have it that the one woman he loved was not true to her pure instincts of gratitude and principle.

But, even Will, so loyal and loving and true, began to doubt at last when Louie's letters, dated here and there and everywhere—from Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago

—when into her letters there began to appear very often Claud Hamilton's name—never in a way that would have aroused any jealousy, yet in a way that aroused his wonder, his suspicion that perhaps, perhaps Louie had discovered she loved this fancy-named fellow better than himself.

Those were dark days for poor Will, lightened only by Louie's letters which were themselves not the lightsome messages they seemed to Will they should have been. At least, although they were cheerful and hopeful and kindly affectionate, still the recurrence of Claud Hamilton's name spoiled all else for Will.

With that feeling of suspicion against this Mr. Hamilton, this feeling that was so near akin to jealousy of Louie, there came to Will another new source of trouble, and that was a dawning, restless discontent that he did not understand the nature of Louie's business abroad. She had kept it secret from them all at the farm, morrily promising to let them know when her future prospects of fame and success were assured beyond the shadow of a doubt. On that brave, loving promise Will had heretofore quietly rested, until—gradually the demon of jealousy crept in among his true love for Louie; until, his heart torn by the never-failing mention, in some way or other, of Mr. Claud Hamilton's name, Will could no longer endure it, and then, upon receipt of a letter from Louie saying that her next would be from New York, where she would remain a fortnight, Will made up his mind to be in New York for that same fortnight and devote all his free energies to finding the girl he loved and who so persistently kept herself from him.

And so, one delicious starry night in early autumn, when there was just enough crispness in the sweet fresh air to make it pleasant indoors when one tired of being out, it happened—no, not "happened," for there is no such condition of human affairs as that which some people call "accidental"—but it was decreed by Destiny, or Fate, or what you will, that Will Dayton was led to Steinway Hall, where huge placards announced the appearance of some popular dramatic reader, whose name he did not see for the crowds that were passing in with him; and he took his seat with a strangely-homesick lonesome feeling coming over him as he realized with a new keen appreciation the magnitude of the undertaking that had brought him to the city with its thousands and tens of thousands of people who had never as much as heard of Louie Harland's name.

Or—Claud Hamilton's either, he thought, with a thrill of pure, jealous rage. Claud Hamilton for whom he so horribly feared, Louie was gradually playing him false, while he, Will, was being true to her.

And just then the enthusiastic applause of the vast crowd made him look up to see whom they were welcoming with such warm, glad greeting—made him look up to see a slight, graceful, girlish figure standing in the center of the stage; a stylishly-dressed, elegant-looking lady in trailing black silk, heavy and lustrous, with frills of exquisite lace falling over her white-kid gloves and braced arms, with a ruff of the same filmy snowiness circling her slender rounded throat, where a massive gold pin caught it in rich plainness of elegant design.

A girl with a rarely intelligent face, and dark, intense eyes; with a pure, pale complexion to which all the storm of applause brought no flush of gratified vanity, with a grave expressive mouth that made Will Dayton almost unable to resist the temptation he felt to rush to her and ask her if Claud Hamilton had defied it with his lover's kisses.

For it was Louie Harland—Louie who had arisen like a star in her beautiful profession of dramatic rendering, who, people said, was equal to Charlotte Cushman—Louie, who had crowded houses when she appeared, and who was coining a fortune as fast as a pair of woman's hands had ever done.

Then she commenced—one of the very ballads she had many a time rendered for them at the old farm-house, when Mrs. Simmonds would wipe her eyes, and old farmer Simmonds would draw on his pipe until it went out.

And Will listened, and the vast audience listened, spellbound, to the sweet, pathetic voice, round and full, as clear as a silver bell. Then followed uproarious encore, then other recitations and other applause, and then—it was over, and Will saw her retire off the stage, and it seemed to him that he had suddenly gone into a dark place.

It was easy enough to obtain Miss Harland's address—everybody knew it, and so the next morning he took a carriage and was driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and was shown to Miss Harland's parlor, where Louie herself sat, alone, with her little writing-desk before her, at which she was busy when he was shown in, taking her so completely by surprise.

She arose instantly to greet him, her face flushing warmly enough at sight of him, and even as she came across the floor and he saw the glow on her cheeks, he found himself asking himself if it were joy at seeing him, or consciousness of disloyalty to him that occasioned it.

At all events her words were kind and eager.

"Will! Is it possible! Dear old Will, how glad I am to see you!"

And in spite of all his horrible fear and doubt, Will took her in his arms and kissed her over and over.

"I was starving to see you, my darling. I could do without you no longer. Louie! so this is the mysterious secret you have been keeping from us, from me!"

She looked bravely, proudly in his face.

"You speak almost reproachfully, Will! Can you find it in your heart to ensure me because I wanted to wait until I could come, an honor and a help to you all? Will, don't look at me so—what is the harm in it?"

"There is no harm in it, Louie. No one is prouder of you and your grand success than I. If it hasn't turned your heart from me, Louie! Louie! if you knew how your letters have stabbed me, if you only knew the anguish and the fear and the tormenting doubts that have driven me to you—not able to endure them."

Louie's eyes were perfect revelations of amazement.

"Will! My letters! Your doubt and fear!—Will, your doubt and fear of me?"

"Of you, Louie! I could not bear your frequent, yes, continual, ceaseless mention of Claud Hamilton's name; Louie, I feared you were learning to love him, and that I would be forgotten."

His voice was honest index of his feelings; it was intense, earnest, so eagerly anguishful that it touched Louie very tenderly.

"Will, how could you? Oh, Will!"

Then, half-smiling, with a suspicion of tears in her sweet eyes, and a look that was equally reproachful and amused, Louie rung her bell, and gave a message in an undertone to the servant who answered.

Then she turned to Will again.

"So you have been jealous of Mr. Hamilton, Will! Wait a moment, for I want to tell you something. Mr. Hamilton is one of the dearest friends I ever had. He has been good to me, Will—oh, so good! Always he will come first on the list of my friends; always—"

She was interrupted by some one tapping on the door, then entering unsummoned. A little flash of mischievous excitement, accompanied by that same look of reproach, was in her eyes as a little old gentleman, with a pleasant, placid face came in—with goggles on his eyes, and a head bald and shiny, a little old gentleman, as ugly as well could be imagined, but such a courteous, high-bred gentleman for all that it was manifest at a glance.

"I sent to have you meet Mr. Dayton, Mr. Hamilton. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you—Mr. Hamilton, my dear adviser and business agent, and kindest of friends; Mr. Dayton, my lover—is it, Will?"

And Will was so chagrined, and so perfectly happy, and when he and Louie ran down to the farm for a brief visit, there occurred a hasty, happy wedding-time, and Mr. Dayton constituted himself adviser and agent of his lovely, talented, popular wife.

"Because there's no telling how the Claud Hamilton jealousy might have ended, if he had happened to be young and handsome and fascinating and unmarried."

Louie laughingly took up her cudgels in answer.

But so long as he was none of the four, why think about it? Had he been any one of the four, he never would have traveled with me, and I am sure his grown-up daughter Jessie was quite like a mother. Will, give in! You are the most jealous man in existence."

She lifted her sweet face to her husband's. And as he kissed her he said:

"Because I am the most loving. There can be no love without jealousy—but I'll never doubt you again, now, dearest."

A Girl's Heart;

OR,

DR. TREMAINE'S WOOING.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FAITHFUL LOVE'S REWARD.

DICK was taken to the county jail in the carriage that had been brought for that purpose. Dr. Tremaine himself brought pillows and blankets, and saw that everything was as comfortable as possible for the wounded man.

Rachel rode in the same conveyance, supporting Dick's head in her lap, and with his dear hand clasped tightly in her own. What cared she for the curious eyes bent upon her as the carriage moved slowly through the streets?

Dr. Tremaine followed on horseback. He reached the jail at the same moment with the others, and was ready to assist in removing Dick to a cell.

Mrs. Heathcliff had returned to Fairlawn. She did not choose to be mixed up in the affair any more than was necessary.

Dick's wound had been healing rapidly during the few days he had remained under Dr. Tremaine's care. But he was still very weak, and at his earnest request the preliminary examination was to be postponed until the following day.

Rachel and Dr. Tremaine went with him to his gloomy cell, and there the three were left alone together.

"I wish I could remain with you, Dick," sobbed Rachel, very white now, and trembling violently. "I wish I need not leave you alone in this dreadful place!"

"Poor Rachel!" said Dick.

She flung her arms about his neck.

"I won't leave you," she cried. "They will not be so cruel as to tear me away! I will not leave you!"

Dr. Tremaine had been standing slightly apart from them. But he now came forward with a strange expression upon his pallid face.

"Do you wish to remain so very much?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, yes."

He hesitated, gasped once or twice, and then said:

"There is one way in which your wish can be gratified."

"One way?"

"Yes. You know it would not be right or proper for you to remain as you are."

"And the way of which you spoke?"

Forcing the words from his white, quivering lips, he made answer.

"You must marry him!"

Rachel stared wildly at these words, and from Dick's lips fell a low, faint laugh.

"I see I have startled you both," Dr. Tremaine went on. "Remember, I do not advise any such step. Indeed I should greatly regret it. But it is the only way in which you two can be together."

Dick held out his hand, now choking back something that sounded like a sob.

"You're a noble fellow, Dr. Tremaine," he said. "I can guess what such words must have cost you. But you can spare yourself further pain. I have no wish to marry Rachel, and could not, if I would, for the simple reason that she is my own sister!"

Dr. Tremaine started as if he had been struck. He could only stare wonderingly at the speaker.

"Your sister?" he gasped.

"Yes, my twin sister."

He staggered, and sat down on one of the rude stools with which the place was provided. Great drops came out upon his forehead. He was shaking all over. He could scarcely believe the strange news he had heard.

But gradually his face changed. An expression of wild joy broke all over it. A dozen little circumstances seemed to convince him, all at once, that Dick had spoken the truth.

"Oh, I am glad, so glad!" he cried.

He looked up. His eye caught Rachel's for a moment. He saw her start, and a sudden flood of crimson rush over her face.

"My darling!" he whispered, holding out his arms, all un mindful of Dick's presence. "My precious one! I believe you do love me, after all."

Rachel tottered forward, and fell upon his breast, sobbing wildly. And yet a strange peace and happiness had dawned suddenly upon her heart.

For a little while not another word was spoken. The lovers seemed to understand so well all that the other would have said, there was little need of speech.

The veil had been rent away from their lives, as if by a miracle, and at last they stood face to face and soul to soul, all things open as the day.

Dick drew apart into one of the remote corners, and sat down with his face covered. He understood perfectly what transports were in those long-sundered hearts. He had guessed Rachel's secret long before.

"They will be happy," he thought, with a weary sigh. "Thank God for that! No matter what new bitterness life may have in store for me, they will be happy."

He tried to rejoice, but I fear some dreary pictures of his own desolate, loveless future did flit across his mental vision.

At last he heard Dr. Tremaine say softly:

"Rachel, all things are growing so plain to me! And yet you have not uttered a word of explanation. I believe you have loved me all the while."

"All the while," she answered, in a low, cooling voice.

"And you have worn this mask to hide from me the sacrifice you were making?"

She did not answer, but looked into his face with such an earnest, pleading expression that he covered her lips with remorseful kisses.

"Why did you not trust me, Rachel? You might have done so. You must have known I would not see you suffer."

"How could I?" she faltered.

"For the very reason that you loved me so! Ah, foolish child! No one could have misjudged your innocent heart."

Rachel smiled through her tears, but made answer:

"The secret was Dick's more than mine. I had no right to betray it."

Dr. Tremaine gave a slight start.

"Secret?" he asked.

"Yes," said Dick, now rising and coming forward. "This dear girl deserves to wear the crown of a martyr. No canonized saint ever was more faithful or self-sacrificing."

He took Rachel's hand, kissing it fondly.

"The secret concerns only myself," he went on. "But Rachel would have given up her own life to keep it. Can you not guess now why she consented to marry a man she both hated and despised? Can you not guess why she consented to marry him you have known as Edward Dent?"

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Tremaine, eagerly.

"That wretch knew everything. I was in his power. He could have given me into the clutches of the law at any moment. He would have done so but for Rachel. She stepped between us, and gave herself up in my stead."

CHAPTER XXV.

DICK'S STORY.

There was a brief silence in the room. Instinctively, Dr. Tremaine drew Rachel's quivering figure still more closely to him, as if he would fain shield her from all further sorrow. And so he would have shielded her, with his own heart's blood, if necessary.

"Tell me your story, Dick," he said. "I only regret you did not tell it sooner."

"So do I," answered the young man. "But how could I be sure it was best? I have known you such a little while! To be sure you have been very kind. You have kept me hidden away from my enemies, dressed my wounds, and watched over me as carefully as a brother would have done. But when a man carries with him such a secret as mine, he is very loth to part with it."

He laughed as he spoke, a low, bitter laugh, scarcely pleasant to hear.

"I would have been faithful to the trust," said Dr. Tremaine. "For Rachel's sake, if not for yours."

"I believe you."

"Perhaps I can do something to help you, even yet. Tell me everything."

"Listen. It is time I had made a full confession. God help and pity me!"

He was hiding his face with his trembling hands, and did not see the quick shudder that ran over each of his auditors.

"Are you strong enough to tell the story?" interrupted Dr. Tremaine, eagerly. "You must not excite yourself too much. You have passed through a good deal already."

"I can pass through even more. Indeed, I would rather make a clean breast of everything. See, I am strong—quite strong."

He dropped his hands, and turned his pale face upon them, forcing a smile to the bloodless lips.

Dr. Tremaine went up to him, and drew his head down upon his shoulder.

"Rest here, Dick," he said, compassionately. "You need this support. Now go on with what you have to tell me."

"I must begin very far back in my history, Dr. Tremaine, but I do not intend to weary you with a long-drawn-out story."

"Rachel and I can remember nothing of our parents. Even the name we bear may be a borrowed one. As far back as our recollection goes, we lived with one Madame Gale in her cottage, not far from this place."

"Yes, I know her," said Dr. Tremaine.

"Madame did not know anything of our parentage, or at least would tell us nothing. But she was kind to us, in her way, and gave us every advantage."

"The years wore on quietly enough until I was sixteen. Then Madame was in trouble of some sort. I could see she did not want me at the cottage any longer. I had a thirst for travel and adventure. At last she yielded to my solicitations, and sent me to India."

"I think now she had, for a long time, been secretly working upon my mind in such a manner that I should readily turn to that far-away quarter of the globe."

"At any rate to India I went. Madame gave me a letter of introduction to one Edward Lasalle, the same you have known as Edward Lasalle. Of course I sought him, on arriving in Calcutta."

"He pretended to be a warm friend of mine before I had known him a week—a little too warm to be sincere I thought at the time. He found me a place in a merchant's office where I was soon able to command a good salary."

"Everything went on smoothly enough for a year or two. Then money was missing from the counting-room of my employer. Suspicion pointed me out as the thief, and I was powerless to prove my innocence."

"Of course I was discharged, having barely escaped arrest. Lasalle still clung to me. He got me out of that part of the country, and finally prevailed on me to enlist in the English service."

"I had no taste for military life, and should never have dreamed of it but for Lasalle. He was here my evil genius, as I am confident, he had been before. Evil reports were soon in circulation concerning me. I think he spread them, though all the while pretending to be my devoted friend."

"There was one man in the regiment who had conceived a special dislike to me. His name was William Flint, but he was generally called Black Billy among our comrades, partly because of his complexion, and partly because he was coarse, brutal, secretive in his nature."

"From the very first, this man seemed bound to quarrel with me. I did not suspect it then, but I know now he was really Lasalle's tool, and only carrying out instructions given him by my employer."

"For months I succeeded in avoiding him. But one fatal morning, when I had been drinking, we met in a coffee-house in the town where we were stationed."

"Black Billy was unusually insulting. One word led to another. Finally he taunted me with being a counting-house thief, a light-fingered scoundrel."

"You can guess what followed. I called the fellow out. We fought—he fell—and yielding to the impulse of the moment, I fled with the mark of Cain upon my brow."

He paused a moment to wipe the clammy beads from his forehead.

"Good God! how I have suffered since that fatal hour!" he cried out, sharply. "I might better have endured a thousand deaths. One long night of torment has been my portion."

"I sought Lasalle, in my trouble. He stripped the mask from his face, and told me to be gone, he had no fellowship with murderers. He did even more than that. He collected all the proof he could find against me; he hunted me down like a fox. If he learned I had found a covert he cruelly drove me from it."

"Ah, how I learned to loathe that man when I comprehended the double part he had been playing! He had meant to ruin me all the while. I was sure of it. It was at his instigation, I am positive, that the theft was committed."

"What could have been his object in ruining you?" asked Dr. Tremaine.

Dick slowly shook his head.

"I cannot tell. It all seems very strange. And yet I could not help thinking he was all the while working out the will of somebody here."

"Not Madame Gale?"

"No, I scarcely think it was Madame Gale, though she may have been aware of the whole plot. I am sure it was some person of greater influence than Madame."

"Why should you think so?"

"I cannot tell you. It was a vague suspicion, confirmed by the fact that Lasalle warned me against returning to my native land. He swore he would have me arrested just so surely as I attempted any such step."

"Did he give any reason for this opposition?"

"None."

"You braved his power, and did return?"

"Ay, at last. I longed to see Rachel. I could keep away no longer, and so ran the risk I did."

"Lasalle, or Edward Dent, as he is called, followed you?"

CHAPTER XXVI.
CONFESSION.

The next morning Dr. Tremaine began the search for Jane Bell.

It was poor Dick's only chance for life and liberty—the finding of this wretched, forlorn creature. It seemed very hard, but then the innocent must not suffer for the guilty.

It was a wild, wet morning, the rain beating against the casements, the wind howling fearfully among the great trees surrounding the house.

Dr. Tremaine cared little for the inclemency of the weather. With a great cloak tucked securely about him, he sallied forth, taking a short cut to the glade where the murder had been committed.

He had somewhere read or heard of the singular mania that induces some murderers to haunt the scene of their crime, and had set out with this forlorn hope in his mind.

His brain was busy. He thought over the story Dick had told him the day before, from beginning to end. Strange suspicions came to him as he did so. Was Mrs. Heathcliff mixed up in this affair? If so, to what extent? Was it she who had induced Lassale to play such a treacherous part to Dick?

He would have given much for the power to solve this mystery. But it was impenetrable. He scarcely knew why he had dreamed of connecting Mrs. Heathcliff with it in any manner, except her eagerness for Dick's arrest, for he could no longer doubt but that she had really been at the window that night when Rachel thought she saw her.

Though his brain was burdened with all this mystery, he walked firmly on, through marsh and mud and mire, the wind wailing in his ears, and the rain splashing all about him on the leaves and grasses.

He reached the glade. A poor, forlorn creature sat crouching underneath the tree in the middle. He caught a glimpse of a dirty, mud-spattered gown, and straggling gray locks falling over a pair of crooked shoulders, then went softly up and stood beside the pitiful figure.

"My poor woman," he said, gently. At the sound of his voice she started up wildly, and sought to fly. But her limbs refused to support her. She tottered, and fell back moaning into his outstretched arms.

"I know you," she cried, shrilly. "Blood, blood, blood! It has found voice at last, as I knew it would. It rises up from the ground and screams for vengeance. You have heard it, and are come to take me away with you."

She was drenched to the skin; her face ashy pale; her eyes wild and bloodshot. They turned upon Dr. Tremaine with a truly maniacal glare.

"Poor creature," he said, "do not look at me like that. I have no wish to harm you."

"What?" she cried. "You didn't come to hang me? I know better. Isn't it written, 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'? And doesn't it mean, too, a life for a life?"

She laughed at her own cunning, a low, harsh, terrible laugh. "Yes," he answered. "But it is also written, 'Love your enemies!'"

A sudden change swept over her face. She dropped it into her hands, and began rocking her body violently to and fro, for she had released herself from Dr. Tremaine's arms, and was sitting on the damp ground again.

"I told him I would do it," she murmured, as if talking to herself. "I loved him, but I told him I would do it. I should have died myself. If another had taken my place and borne the name that was rightfully mine. And so I killed him. Yes, I killed him!" she cried, in loud, startling tones, lifting her ashy face once more. "He stood yonder, where those daisies are trampled down, and I shot him dead at my feet! I killed him—I killed him! God forgive me—I killed him!"

She flung up her arms wildly, shrieking out the last words in a perfect frenzy.

"Hush," said Dr. Tremaine, soothingly. "You must not excite yourself."

"I killed him," she repeated, over and over again. "It was the only way to make him mine in this world and the next."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

A FEATHER.

"Drop me a feather out of the blue,
Bird flying up to heaven;
Higher and higher the skylark flew,
But dropped he never a one."

"Only a feather I ask of thee,
Fresh from the parer air;
Upward the lark flew low and free
To heaven, and vanished there."

Only the sound of a rapturous song
Throbbed in the tremulous light;
Only a voice could linger long
At such a wondrous sight."

"Drop me a feather!" but while I cry,
Lo! like a vision fair,
The bird from the heart of the glowing sky
Sinks through the joyous air."

Downward sinking and singing alone,
But the song which was glad above
Taken over a deeper and deeper tone,
For it trembles with earthly love."

And the feather I asked from the boundless
Heaven
Were a gift of little worth;
For, oh! what boon by the lark is given
When he brings all heaven to earth!"

Detective Dick;
OR,
THE HERO IN RAGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "WILLFUL WILL," "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

WE have seen the parlor of Mr. Andrews' residence, on the occasion of Mr. Williamson's somewhat curt dismissal. We will now betake ourselves to the sitting-room of the same mansion.

It is an elegantly appointed apartment, furnished in the richest taste. Several valuable pictures adorn the walls, and about the room are scattered costly articles of ornament. It has altogether that home-like aspect of a room whose adornment has grown out of the needs and tastes of its inmates.

A deep bay window occupies the lower end of the room. Here, seated in an easy-chair, her feet resting on a tall footstool, reclines a matronly lady. She has once been very pretty, and still wears much of her good looks, though age has broadened the lines of her face, and added a decided look of worldly wisdom.

Opposite her sits, in a small chair, her arm resting on the sill of the open window, a young lady, whose beautiful face seems a spiritual copy of that of the matron. They are really mother and daughter—Mrs. Andrews and her daughter Helen.

Mrs. Andrews plays leisurely with her fan, for the day is warm for mid-April, and the sun bathes the face of the window in fervent light.

"Then you did as I wished?" remarked the mother. "You simply dismissed him, without entering into reasons or argument?"

"Yes, mother," with a weary expression; "And I was never so thoroughly disgusted with myself in my life before."

"Why so? The dismissal of a music-teacher is not such a vital matter."

"I don't know," returned Helen, with a quick movement of impatience. "I mismanaged it, I suppose. I know I must have made it look as if I had some personal objection to him. He seemed much hurt."

"Oh, that matters very little," replied Mrs. Andrews. "That will easily mend; he can cure his wounds with a new scholar."

"I am afraid a host of new scholars will not have that effect," and Helen rested her head wearily on the window-sill.

The sunlight struck her soft brown hair, and played about it like an aureole of brightness. The mother dropped her fan to look admiringly at her.

"Do you know, Helen, that you are growing more and more beautiful?" she said, with the air of an artist. "I wish that sunlight effect could only be made perpetual."

Helen drew herself back with a vexed movement. The loosened hair flowed in a wave over her forehead, with a gleam as if it had imprisoned some of the sunlight.

"You cannot help looking beautiful, my dear," added her mother. "But those impatient movements are never very graceful."

"Forgive me," murmured Helen; "I did not mean to annoy you. But I cannot help feeling troubled and out of sorts with myself just now."

"I fear your music-lessons were allowed to go on even too long," averred Mrs. Andrews, using her fan rapidly.

"Why so? No one can object to him as a teacher."

"You have been growing entirely too much interested in him. Such a person should be considered as a teacher only—nothing more. I would not have my daughter stoop to waste a second thought on any one so far below her in station."

"He is a gentleman," declared Helen, proudly. "I fear I have not always impressed him as a lady."

"This is ridiculous, child. As if it was of the least importance what he chose to think I am glad that your connection with him has been broken off. A man not only of the lower classes, but seemingly without known father or mother."

"Who told you that?" demanded Helen, with a quick flush upon her face. "That is the reason, then, that I had to give him up? But I know who told you."

There was a glitter in the young lady's eyes, and her lips were closely set.

"It does not matter who told me," answered her mother, with dignity. "The only question is as to its truth."

"Excuse me, mother; that is not the question at all. I do not court social disgrace—nor do I fear it, if justice and the opinions of society come in conflict. The real question is as to the spite which has thus thought to injure a deserving young man, by what may be an infamous lie."

"My dear, I am surprised that you should permit yourself to become excited," said Mrs. Andrews, nestling more cozily in her chair, and waving the fan with a long, indolent sweep. "There's nothing more plebeian, and I really object to any animated discussion on the subject of a mere music teacher."

"A mere man!" retorted Helen, with some sarcasm. "Yet it is not he who excited me, but our blue-blooded Mr. Williamson. The essence of gentility that runs in the veins of our social nobility should certainly not be tainted with such low vices as lying and spitefulness."

"If it is the truth I can see no crime in telling it," decided Mrs. Andrews, a little roused.

"Truth may be made a vice if told with a spiteful purpose."

"You cling to that word spite, Helen. What possible spite can Mr. Williamson bear against this man?"

A slight flush came to Helen's cheek, as she turned her head partly away, as if to look out of the window. She made no answer for a minute, the mother's eyes resting curiously on her ingenuous face.

"Whatever his reasons, the fact remains," responded Helen, with an excited accent. "And I despise him for it. If matters nothing to me if one has the entire to the best society, and the other not. Whatever fortune may have done for them, the fact remains that Mr. Spencer has been born a gentleman, and Mr. Williamson not."

"You are assuming too much now, Helen."

"I am assuming nothing. Suppose it all be true that Williamson says—nay, all that he implies—even then the stubborn fact remains that his base gossip lowers him far more than his birth can possibly lower Mr. Spencer. All that cant of the invisible virtue of aristocratic birth is dying out in modern society. Men are learning to take their neighbors for what they are, not what some absurd social code declares them."

The young lady's voice was a little warm, and she spoke with much energy of accent.

"Well, you are improving, Helen," declared her mother, sarcastically. "I think it was high time that I changed your associations. Yet people generally, even in these democratic days, would hardly care to mix with gentlemen born out of lawful wedlock—people in our set, I mean."

"I fear that if people in our set knew all, they would be still less inclined to associate with Mr. Spencer."

As she spoke Helen had risen, and stood, resting one hand on the chair back, her face and the whole pose of her body seeming full of indignant scorn of the verdict of "our set."

Mrs. Andrews lifted her long lashes, indolently, and rested her eyes for a moment in admiration upon the graceful pose of her daughter, full of an unconscious charm that would have stirred the soul of an artist to its depths.

"Knew all?"

"Yes," somewhat curtly.

"There is more, then, to know?"

"Suppose I tell you," and now Helen spoke quickly, and with repressed excitement, "that this young man has sinned beyond redemption—in making an unscrupulous enemy."

"What can you mean?" was the indolent answer.

"I mean that Harry Spencer has been arrested—this very day—in my presence. Arrested for no less a crime than being an accomplice of counterfeiters. The proof was found in his house."

"Why, girl, you take my breath!" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews, starting up from her reclining posture.

"It is all true."

"And you still defend him! Did you expect anything better from one of his sort?"

"I still defend him," answered Helen, seemingly to stain the calmness which her mother had lost. "I believe—I know that he is innocent. Therefore I defend him. Justice shall be done. He shall be freed from this false charge. And he loses nothing, in my estimation, because he is accused of a crime which he never committed."

"The proofs found in his own house! What evidence is your girlish belief against that? You are letting a childish imagination run away with you now, Helen."

"I know he is the victim of some base plot! I shall never desert him while I believe him innocent!"

"Do you remember about whom you are talking, Helen, or the character of his relations with you?" asked her mother, with much dignity of manner. "This is only your music-teacher; not your friend and associate. And he seems to have effectually put a bar to any further lessons—unless, indeed, you should desire to take them in his prison cell." Her voice had grown very sarcastic.

"There will be no need of that," Helen returned, quietly.

"And why not? I think he will hardly get bail on such a charge."

"There are strong circumstances in his favor, mother. I am satisfied that the judge will accept bail for him."

"It must be some heavy amount, then. And who is his wealthy friend who will risk much on his honesty?"

"The friend is found. I have directed Mr. Widdin to see that he obtains bail, on the security of my private inheritance."

"Why, child, are you mad?" cried Mrs. Andrews, hotly. "But this is ridiculous. A woman cannot go bail."

"I think my offer, with power of attorney in Mr. Widdin's hands, will be accepted," replied Helen. "I think, indeed, that Mr. Spencer is already free. I have no fears of his avoiding a trial."

"But for you to take such an action! Without consulting me or your father!" exclaimed the excited and agitated woman.

"Excuse me, mother, I did consult with father. He quite agreed with me. I had no time to see to it. And I knew, of course, that you would not agree to what I had determined on doing."

"It was just like your father!" cried Mrs. Andrews, turning her tide of anger from her resolute daughter to the absent husband. "He is full of all sorts of radical and nonsensical ideas, and he has infected you with the same plebeian proclivities."

Mrs. Andrews hurried from the room, not daring to trust herself further under her angry excitement.

"I knew there must be a scene with mother," murmured Helen, sadly. "I am glad the worst of it is over."

CHAPTER XII.

A WATER-RAT.

BUT what of Dick, whom we left clinging to the rudder-posts of the yacht Molly?

The boy was very quick of hearing, and his acute senses were strained to not miss a word of the important conversation which he hoped to overhear. Yet for the first five minutes the voices of the two men in the cabin were pitched in too low a key for him to catch a connected sentence.

Shifting his position so as to get his right foot on one of the rudder-irons, Dick gained a more comfortable location, and one that brought his ear nearer to the open window.

The voices of the two men, also, grew unconsciously louder as they proceeded with their conversation, Turner's half-tipsy condition interfering with his natural cautiousness.

"Struck his fancy from the start; I could see that," he said, decidedly. "I don't think it was so much the money—though there's mighty few men to whom a pile ain't an object."

"What was it, then?" spoke the deeper tones of Mr. Williamson.

"The mystery. You see, he's been troubled at heart about who his father and mother were. Had a fear of something disgraceful, too. Why, as soon as I broached the matter, his eyes lit up like two stars on a dark sky."

"We will dispense with the poetical part of the subject," put in Mr. Williamson, coldly. "Did you let out anything about the location of the property, or the residence or condition of his parents?"

"Certainly," told the city they lived in, and all that."

"I should be very little surprised if you did. Especially if you let anybody pour liquor into you, as to-day."

"Told him they lived in New Orleans, and were French creoles," protested Turner. "Guess that's far enough off the track. Told him it was out of the question to say a word more till I was sure he was the son."

"And asked him for remembrances of his infancy! And relics, if he had any!" inquired Williamson.

"Now it's comin'," thought Dick. "If I miss a word now, I'd just better let go my holt, and draw myself for an idyl. Never seed anything so well primed as I've got them."

His face broadened with a silent laughter that was full of intense enjoyment of the situation.

"He let it out freely enough," replied Turner. "Didn't seem to smell a mouse anywhere. He remembers well a large stone house, with extensive grounds around it. It was neither city nor country, for there were numbers of houses near, with broad pleasure-grounds around each."

"What was the house like?"

"That he could not well describe. It was something of the old-fashioned style, with stone outbuildings."

"Just so?" thought Dick, noting these details in his memory. "Dig in, my cove. I'm a-takin' it in."

"Had he any further recollections?"

"Yes. Of a beautiful lady, dressed in blue silk, and wearing a very bright stone in her collar. There was also a tall, handsome gentleman, who fondled and made much of him."

"That's down, brick-top," was Dick's mental comment. "Slide ahead."

"Anything more?"

"Nothing that he could recall. His next recollection is of being very roughly used, and forced to beg on the streets in company with an old crone, who beat him when he failed to bring home money."

"It will be important to learn the name and residence of that crone," asserted Williamson. "Also her description. Did he have any remembrance of this being in Boston?"

"No. The woman must have brought him on to Philadelphia. She probably stole the child for the sake of his fine clothes, and with the purpose of aiding her in her begging operations, and came to Philadelphia to avoid detection."

"Any fool might see that," muttered Dick.

"Bosting, though. Won't do to forget Bosting."

"And now as to relics of his childhood," suggested Williamson. "These will be most important."

"Sartain sure they will," thought Dick. "Pile in, redhead; let's have your relics."

"His clothes were probably all sold by the crone who stole him," Turner went on. "All he had left belonging to his youth is a bronze medal, and a curiously-knit chain attached to it. This he remembers to have had in his childhood."

"Good! We must have that medal."

"I expect to see him again," declared Turner. "You know of his being arrested on a charge of counterfeiting, and that the alderman has put him under heavy bail?"

"He should have put him in prison," declared Williamson, harshly. "He must have been a fool to accept bail on such a charge. You must see Spencer at once, and try and learn where he keeps the medal and chain."

"I will hunt him up to-day. But understand, I cannot do any pickpocket or burglar work."

"You can't!" thought the listener. "You're mean enough to steal green persimmons and sell them for apricots."

"Get it from him by any lie you can manufacture. If he won't take, find where he keeps it. I am bound to have the Milton estate, and won't be stopped by any slight difficulty."

"Going to play the lost heir?" asked Turner. "His recollections will be of no use if somebody else has them in advance of him. Probe him again on that subject; he may recall some new points. And the medal will clinch the business. The old woman who stole him will swear black is white if I instruct her to."

"I see," confessed Turner. "You're a blamed shrewd one. The old lady Milton will swallow it all as easy as a cat swallows milk. What a precious son you will make!"

"If I said Williamson, quickly. "No, no, my paternity is too well known. I have my man, though."

"Well, it will soon be no secret. Captain Parker is the man."

"Well, if I ain't holed a precious pair of rascals then whitewash me, that's all!" Dick had to admit, to himself. "Got that whole biz mapped out. But, they're mighty shy of the counterfeit biz. Bricktop talks as if he weren't in that ring."

Dick's position by this time had grown unbearably unpleasant. He shifted his feet and tried to make himself more comfortable. In doing so his hands slipped, and—the parties in the cabin were suddenly startled by a heavy splash in the water.

Turner ran to the cabin window and looked out. There was nothing visible, though a circle of wave-rings was spreading in the water from the rudder post outward. Williamson, alarmed lest their conversation should have been overheard, ran on deck and looked warily into the water all around the boat. But there was no object to be seen, and the ring of wavelets was rapidly dying out.

"It is strange," he said. "Something must have fallen from the wharf. Though I cannot see how."

"It must have been a fish jumped," suggested Turner, appearing on deck.

"Fish of that size don't swim in the docks," said Williamson, incredulously. "But whatever it is it has gone to the bottom, so we need not care much. Attend to that matter instantly, Turner, and report to me at once. And mind, let us have no more tipping while this affair is in hand."

"I don't think any fresh water sailor, or salt water either, for that matter, will make a fool of me again easily."

"Don't forget that," said Williamson, as he left the vessel, and walked briskly up the wharf.

"That splash was blamed queer," growled Turner, looking again reflectively into the water.

He shook his head doubtfully as he turned and went below.

At the same moment, from behind a small coasting smack that occupied the opposite side of the dock, there appeared a grinning boy's face, washed clean of the dirt it had lately gathered while rooting behind the post.

"It's just the biggest fish you ever seed," said the boy, with a hearty laugh. "Ought to fling your line over. Mought have cotched him. Bless your eyes, Williamson, there ain't a fish in the Delaware kin swim under water better nor Dick Darling."

Dick crawled up the wharf and stood in the sunlight on the top of the wharf log, the water dripping from him as from a drowned rat.

"Reckon I've giv my new clothes a season-in," he said, trying to squeeze some of the superabundant water out of them. "Don't kee how soon it rains now. Can't spile my fixin's."

He got out of that locality, and laid himself out in the sun to dry in a board yard not far distant, removing and spreading out his outer garments till there was little left but his bare skin for the sun to act on.

But, we must leap over a space of time, and present Dick, thoroughly dried, renovated, and remarkably well washed—for him, in a different locality.

It is near the evening of the same day, and in the region of Fourth and Walnut, that we again take up our water-rat, lounging about with his eyes turned toward the door of the building containing Mr. Williamson's office.

An express wagon, loaded with goods, stops in front of the door, and Dick hurries over to that side of the street.

The expressman fumbles awhile among his parcels, and then takes out a small, oblong package.

"Here, boy, hold this a minute," he calls to Dick, handing him the package, while he extricates himself from his constrained position.

Dick takes instant opportunity to read its address:

"ANDREW WILLIAMSON,
Fourth and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia."

On the opposite side was the broad card of the Adams Express Co., dated at Chester, Pa., the previous day.

"That will do, my lad," said the expressman, cheerily, as he took the package. "Ask me for a sugar plum the next time you see me."

"If you only knowed what a sugar plum you'd giv me now!" thought Dick, as he walked easily away. "Guess I've done my day's work."

But his day's work was not yet performed. He had not gone any great distance on his homeward journey ere he formed a new resolution.

"Allers best to strike while the iron's hot," he declared. "Don't do to leave bizness like this open if you don't want it to spile. Guess I'd best go see my detectives and sort out some work for them."

Dick laughed silently as a comical thought occurred to him.

"Bet there ain't many customers in these diggin's keeps as fine a pack of private detec-

tives as Dick Darling. And the beauty of it is, they think they're using me. That's the gayest sell out."

He continued his silent enjoyment of the thought as he made his way toward the domicile of Ned Hogan.

"I'll giv Hogan the Chester job, 's long as he's got a look-out there. The other chaps kin work the Bosting lay. Guess that's a fair divide of the 'sponsibility. Gettin' too much work on my shoulders for one boy to put through without help."

He found Hogan at home, seated behind his everlasting meerschaum, which he was wasting his life in efforts to color. At least his persistent application seemed to indicate that as his object.

"Got five minutes for you," announced Dick, with an air of great importance, as he deposited himself in the nearest chair. "Want you to write a letter in double quick."

"Sartain!" assented Hogan, enjoying what seemed to strike him as a good joke. "What is it to be? Propel."

He drew pen, ink and paper from the drawer of his desk.

"Want you to write to your watch-dog, Harris, at Chester. I'll jist giv you the p'int. You kin shape them. Mr. Andrew Williamson, of this big town, jist got a package from Chester by Adams Express. Must have been sent yesterday or this mornin'. Now I want Harris to find out all he kin 'bout that package; who sent it, what kind of a cove he is

"Then you are a married woman?"
"I was," she answered, with a sigh.
"I presume, then, your husband is dead."
"In one sense of the word he is."
"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Zane, puzzled by the woman's answer.
"He no longer loves me," she spoke significantly.
"Where is he now?"
"I know not. He left here a few minutes ago."
"Whom do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Zane.
"Randolph Spencer!" was the startling answer.
A cry of surprise burst from Mrs. Zane's lips.
"Woman! you are uttering a falsehood!" she cried.

"I speak the truth," Randolph Spencer is my lawful husband, and yet he would marry that innocent child," said the woman, pointing to Ida, while her eyes fairly blazed with the fire of pent-up emotions; "we were concealed under some drooping willows in our canoe when her young lover left her yesterday. We heard Randolph Spencer come to her and abuse her for permitting her gallant boy-lover to kiss her."
"Oh, my God!" cried Mrs. Zane, wringing her hands in grief, "when will my troubles be over?"

"You, too, then, have had a life of trouble?" the Indian woman said, inquiringly.
"Yes, yes, it is woman's lot to suffer."
"It seems so," replied Manelab; "years ago mine began when I was young and light-hearted as your pretty daughter. I was forced to marry Spencer by a cruel, selfish guardian who thought more of gold than human happiness. I soon hated Spencer with all the intensity of my soul, because I loved another. And Spencer, soon tiring of me, deserted me; and then I was almost alone in the cold, cruel world which held but little sympathy for the discarded wife. But, thank God, I had a kind and loving brother who took me to his far-off frontier home, and there I lived for years in seclusion and quietude. Were his desertion of me the only crime of which he was guilty I could easily forgive him, because I knew I could not be what a wife should be to him, and at the same time love another."
"Then he has other crimes resting upon his soul?" said Mrs. Zane.

"I believe, although I am not certain, that the curse of Cain rested upon his soul. He had a half-brother named Randolph Spencer—his own name being Henry Mount. These brothers favored each other so closely that one was often mistaken for the other. Many times have I heard Henry Mount, my husband, make the remark that if Randolph should suddenly disappear he could pass himself as the missing man, and at the same time declare that it was Henry that was missing. After I had been in my frontier home awhile the news came to my ears that Henry Mount had been found dead in the river, and everything went to show that he had been murdered. I thought at the time of what Henry had often said, and knowing that Randolph was very wealthy I wondered if Henry had dealt foully with him. Time went on and the first thing I knew I heard that one Randolph Spencer and James Trimble had purchased a large tract of timberland on the South Black River, and with a large force of workmen had commenced chopping and rafting. I wondered if it was the Randolph Spencer whom I had once known, and waited a long while before I got to see him. One day he passed through our settlement on a hunting excursion and I got a glimpse of him; but for my life I couldn't tell whether it was Henry or Randolph. My general impression, however, was that it was Randolph; and, if so, I felt satisfied that Henry had murdered him and then taken his brother's name. The uncertainty of this identity preyed upon my mind day and night; and I finally resolved to end the suspense and doubt I was laboring under by ascertaining the facts in the case. I knew that if it was Henry living he was imitating all the peculiarities of his brother to a wonderful degree of success; and there was but one thing about Henry by which I could identify him beyond doubt. This was a large scar extending across the cheek and throat where he had been wounded in a drunken row the year he and I were married.

"Nearly a year ago, I, in company with a friend, descended the Black river, and one night paddled our canoe over and landed on a large raft upon which Spencer was known to be. Watching my chances, for it was very dark and dangerous footing on the raft, I stole forward and when the captain sat bolt upright in a half-drunken stupor, I walked into the tent and carefully raising his long beard, saw the telltale scar upon his throat. He was Henry Mount, not Randolph Spencer; and this very fact convinced me that he murdered his brother for his property, then left that country and came here hoping to escape identification. This, my friends, is the truth, though it is not all of which Henry Mount is guilty. I tell you this much that you may escape the monster's clutches."

"Ah! I see you are not an Indian," said Mrs. Zane, greatly excited.

"No; I am a white woman, as you can see," she replied, revealing a bosom of snowy whiteness. "My name is Edith Mount."

"Does he know that you are living?" Ida asked, her eyes swimming in tears of both joy and pity.
"He did know it a few evenings ago, though he supposed I was dead—a victim of another foul murder of his; and when he discovered I was living, he attempted to kill me again. He fired at me, inflicting a severe wound in the breast from which I am now suffering. When that same inhuman monster tripped me up a few minutes ago, under the impression that I was an old squaw, the fall hurt me very much."

"Oh, poor, persecuted soul!" cried Mrs. Zane; "you have saved my child from ruin and death, for in two days more she would have been wedded to that villain!"

"I learned some time ago, through a friend, that he was paying respects to a young girl here; and it was to warn her that I came to the Blue Marsh to-day."

"God bless you!" exclaimed the mother, and falling upon her knees she clasped the hands of Edith, while her white lips moved in a prayer of thanks to Him who sees the fall of every sparrow, and holds the destiny of each soul in the hollow of His hand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LIVELY RACE.

But little sleep came to the eyes of Goliath Strong and his friends, after Old Wolverine and one of the bee-hunters left camp for the Five Points. Thoughts of the restoration of his father's fortune kept Nattie Darrell awake, restless and impatient. Goliath was calm, thoughtful and watchful, for he could not dismiss all fears of danger from his mind.

Morning at length dawned, and after breakfasting on wild turkey, Goliath said:
"Boys, it will be noon or after before Wolverine and Ed return; and as we can do nothing here, suppose we make a flying visit over to the Blue Marsh! We have no time to lose."

"I'm in for it!" exclaimed Nattie, eagerly.
"Anything will suit me," said Frank Ballard.
Goliath took a slip of paper from his pocket, and with a pencil wrote their intention upon it and then pinned the same to the tree under which they were encamped, that Wolverine and Ed might know where they were, should the two return from the Points before they came back from the marsh. This done, they took their departure.

About noon Old Wolverine and Ed Matthews returned from the Points with the spade; but were astonished to find their friends had deserted camp, and from all appearances, hours before. Goliath's notice, however, did not escape their eyes, and when Ed had read it, all fears subsided.

"They'll not be back at night, Edward," Old Wolverine said; "if Goliath goes up there and finds that woman his wife, and that girl, Ida, his daughter, he'll not leave that right away, that's my opinion. I wouldn't, you may bet."

"Well, why can't we begin the search for those Darrell papers?" Ed asked.
"We can, if you remember the instructions."

"I remember every word: 'under an oak tree in the bend between the mouth of the North and South Black rivers; is what the paper said.'"

"Then come along," said Wolverine, and with his rifle upon his shoulder and the spade under his arm, the two set off through the woods.

They penetrated to the river, searching the forest carefully as they advanced. They moved up and down the stream, keeping watch in speaking distance apart. For an hour they searched the bend over and over, and Ed had begun to despair of finding the tree, when suddenly he was startled by a low whistle from Wolverine.

Peering through the dense woods, he saw the old hunter beckoning him toward him, and crossing over to where he stood under a great oak, he was greeted with the exclamation:
"Eureka! Eureka!"

Ed jerked off his hat and would have uttered a shout of joy, had Wolverine not enjoined silence upon him.

"That may be enemies lurking about," he said; "moreover, the box may not be under this tree, and so a fellow'd better not holler till out of the woods. But from hereafter, I should think this was the spot. There is a kind of a sink in the ground which looks as though the dirt had settled; and that on the tree you can see the bark has been blazed off some time ago."

These marks were all very plain, and since the tree was the only oak of any size that they had found, there was not much doubt of its being the one alluded to in Thoms' paper. So divesting himself of his rifle and accoutrements, Wolverine began digging around the sunken spot, previously mentioned. He had not taken out more than half a dozen shovelfuls of dirt when, lo! and behold! he turned up a small box covered with black rust.

"That's it! that's it!" exclaimed Ed, stooping, and taking up the box in his hands.
Wolverine dropped the spade, and together he and Ed examined the box carefully over. The lid was rusted fast, and in several places the rust had eaten through the tin. They had no difficulty in breaking the box open, and when they did so a package rolled up in a newspaper fell out.

Ed opened the bundle, and found the Darrell papers in a good state of preservation, though quite damp and musty. He glanced over the writing and signatures, and when assured that they were the right papers, he wrapped them in a handkerchief and replaced them in the broken box. At this very juncture a voice, stern and deadly, exclaimed:
"Drop that box where you stand, or die!"

Ed started with a cry of horror, and lifting his eyes, he beheld the muzzle of a rifle thrust through a clump of bushes near, and a deadly eye blazing down the barrel. The face and form of the man was concealed; but there was no disguising the voice. It was that of Jim Trimble.

Old Wolverine was already covered from danger by the trunk of the great oak, and, acting upon the spur of the moment, Ed leaped to one side as quick as a flash, and placed a tree between himself and the muzzle of the assassin's gun. Trimble fired, but a second too late, whereupon Old Wolverine drew his revolver, and reaching around the tree, began firing rapidly, though at random, upon the enemy.

The latter returned the fire, one or two bullets cutting close to Wolverine's head.

When the old hunter had emptied the last chamber of his revolver, he turned and whistled for his dogs that were out in the woods near. As old Baltic came lumbering up from the river, where he had been wallowing in the water, the sound of retreating footsteps was heard on the other side, and peeping around the tree, the hunter saw Trimble and the late Sheriff MacIn running off at the top of their speed.

The dogs had again put them to flight.
"Now, Ed," said the old borderman, "is our time, so let's peg out for full timber. There's no denying the fact that Trimble, one of the signers of those notes and the mortgage in that box, knows that they are in our possession. They will move heaven and earth, and ransack hell and fury to find us. Come along, Ed, for that they come in force—more than twenty of them! It's no use making a stand; they're too many for the Old Guard. Here we go, like a scottish brace of meteoers."

Wolverine and Ed, the latter with the box under one arm, and his rifle under the other, took to their heels, and with all their speed fled up the river.

Trimble, followed by a score of lumbermen and gamblers of South Haven, pursued them—yelling like demons, and firing their guns and revolvers at random. Bullets whistled and rattled through the shrubbery like hail—many of them passing uncomfortably near to the heads of the fugitives.

The latter soon reached the river, then turned and sped along the shore. Trimble and his men, following close behind, shouted lustily for them to halt, their commands being accompanied by oaths and threats of the most horrible kind.

"Drop that box!" yelled Trimble, "or, by the gods, we will give you no quarter."

"The devil'll give you quarters in a warm corner," replied Old Wolverine.

"Wolverine," cried Ed, "they're gaining upon us rapidly."

"Mebby we can dodge them up here and get over onto Castle Island. Keep a stiff upper lip, Ed, and hoe it down lively. If them

critters git a holt on us they'll be apt to snatch us bad."

"Carry my rifle a moment, then," said Ed. Wolverine dropped back, and taking Matthews' rifle, again dashed on ahead. He had gone but a few paces when he heard something splash in the water, a little behind him, and glancing back over his shoulder, he saw, to his surprise and horror, that the young bee-hunter had thrown the box into the river.

"My great Lord, boy!" he exclaimed, turning upon the youth, his eyes flashing with indignation, "what in fury did you throw that away for? Now all is lost—see, the box is floating, and the demons will have it, papers and all."

Ed glanced back and saw that the box had fallen with the open side up, and was floating slowly away at the will of the current.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

One of the World's Mysteries.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"You'll have my last dollar if the 'Noels' are beaten, Lander," said Cliff Wallace, with a short laugh. "No need of looking for another bet from me. I have only one merit left. I'll not go in debt to any man."

"And if the most reckless better on the grounds wishes to keep good his reputation, I can suggest the way."

They were very dissimilar associates, looking at them as they stood side by side; one young, handsome, impetuous, with a generous though fiery stream coursing in his veins; the other older, impassive as a waxen man, with the trace of a sneer forever curving his thin lips.

"I am willing to risk my chance in all the stakes that are up against your chance for—"

"What?" asked Cliff, impatiently.

"Wilde."
"For Wilde?" a startled shock there. Then—"You flatter me by assuming my chance worth so much, and, I must say it, amaze me by intimating that you are in the list of her suitors."

Lander smiled his conscious superiority. "When you arrive at my years—always supposing you follow your present course, my dear fellow—nothing in life will have the power to amaze you. Do you make the bet?"

For one instant Wallace hesitated. The ball-ground, the picturesque uniform of the players, the crowded benches, the fringe of eager gamblers cheering the game, all faded away from him for that instant, as it were, and left Wilde's face where she sat opposite, the one absorbing object in his sight. Lander had called him reckless. If he had not been he never could have turned from that sight and said, as he did, passionately:
"Done! But if I lose, may Heaven forgive me for this hour's work."

"Which is more than Wilde would do, barring the last risk," said Lander, coolly. "If you lose the first stakes you lose her just as surely."

"If I did not already know that, do you think I would act as I have done? The deuce!"

Lander glanced around to see what had changed from sharp impatience in his friend's voice to something very like consternation, and beheld a thin, sallow-faced young man sauntering past.

"The hopeful cousin, eh? Never mind, Cliff. If you do lose, Russ Haven will be no nearer winning for any crumbs of information he may pick up and carry. Fancy that bloodless creature interfering with either you or me."

"Bloodless!" said Cliff, between his teeth. "By the Lord! I believe he has more heart and feeling in one minute's time than you ever had in all your life. He loves her, at least. If it is not beyond my province to say, 'what has set you to wishing to marry Wilde?'"

"It is beyond your province, rather. It might be any one of a half-dozen reasons; because I am hard hit, or mercenary, or that she seems to prefer you, and I choose to cut you out. A consummation which is not at all a certainty yet."

It was soon made a certainty, and meanwhile, hating himself, and ashamed of having made her a stake, Cliff was filled with a realization of his own passion, which had never seemed half so strong before. His face grew set and his eyes haggard with a sickening apprehension of loss before the game ended, and made it a reality.

He started as Lander touched his shoulder. "Come, Wallace. You need not advertise the affair by that scowl unless you see fit. Wait awhile before you begin to hate me as your rival. Very likely your loss will be no gain to me."

Cliff had not a word to say. He could not visit the consequence of his own acts upon another. Lander might be the vampire people called him, but through his own folly only he had lost Wilde. He walked away with a sense of dreary misery oppressing him, and found himself face to face with her, on Russ Haven's arm.

"You will not forget your promise, Cliff?" The name pronounced with just the slightest hesitation in the world.

"My promise!" he repeated, vaguely.
"To teach me 'the new moon's spell,' at the wishing well," she said, with a pout. "I do believe you have forgotten all about it."

"As if I could forget to enter heaven while the gate was open for me! I will not fail to meet you there."

He would see her once more, he thought, and live again for a few minutes in the joy her presence gave him, before shutting down the barrier which must separate them forever. Which would have done so without that last stake, for how could he, a ruined man, aspire to the hand of imperious, luxury-loving Wilde Haven?

"I will see her once more if I die for it," he said, "but this night shall end all."

It did, in a way he little thought.

The faint silvery crescent was trembling in the west, and a little breeze bore the sweetness of dying wild roses from a tangled thicket on its invisible wings as Cliff trod the path to the wishing well, and as he reached it recoiled with an electric shock, his blood curdling, his heart sick with horror. Little wonder, for he was the face of a corpse the new moon shone upon—a face frozen with its last awful passion of hate and diabolism upon it—the face of the man who had been his evil genius, who had helped him on from bad to worse—of Lander, dead from a blow struck from behind with the dagger buried to its hilt in his heart.

After the first shock of this horrible discovery Cliff remembered Wilde, and hurried away to prevent her coming upon that scene. Just in time. She was approaching at a little distance, a "lily-maid" seeming transfigured in

that silvery radiance, with a look in her eyes and a smile upon her lips which intoxicated him by what they revealed. Then he was holding both her hands in a hard grasp, utterly forgetful of that past horror, and pouring out a passionate tide of words all without apparent volition of his own; winning in return what swept him with a wave of rapture, her promise to be his wife.

That sense of rapture was present with him through all the wild excitement of the time afterward. Who had done the deed?

Facing the blood-stained ground, and fancying he could still see the stark form lying there, Cliff watched in the early morning until the man for whom he waited came. The redness of sunrise was tinging the grove when a pale face looked forth from a leafy screen, and meeting the gaze of the watcher, Russ Haven's stealthy figure crept reluctantly forward.

"I suppose your mission is the same as mine," he said, sullenly. "Have you found anything to trace the crime?"
"Nothing. You should know that the man who struck that blow was careful to leave no clue."

"The man!" said Russ, with a dissenting shrug. "People say it was more likely a woman, one who had cause to take vengeance upon him."

"A woman strike unerringly and with such strength! Do you want to tell me the next that you know who did it?" cried Cliff, excitedly. A furtive gleam shot from the other's drooping eyes, and some inexplicable emotion twitched his lips.

"I know who did it and what motive led to the deed," cried Cliff again. "And you—I wonder at your effrontery! It is worthy the coward who would strike unawares a defenseless man. I came here to say that I know you did it, and to warn you. I will keep the bloody secret on condition only that you leave this place forever. How Wilde's pure soul would shrink from your guilty one, but I almost pity you, for I know you were mad with love for her. For her sake I spare you."

The thin lips that had turned pale against the sallow face twitched again, and Haven said, jinglingly:
"Your leniency is the more remarkable that you have such cause for regret." Then, forcibly—"You are not beggared because he is dead. Thanks for your warning all the same. I will heed it."

He went that very day, but before he went he had a private interview with Wilde. What supreme audacity! He came forth from it more like a man who wore a conscious triumph than the weight of guilt upon his soul.

When they two met again she was Wallace's wife. It was in the dreary north where Wilde's fancy had carried them to pass the honeymoon, though winter was coming on. A dull day, a sheet of leaden water reflecting a leaden sky, and she pacing the shore, impelled by the fever scorching in her veins. Without a shadow, and without a sound, she found her cousin. He was standing there before her, and recoiled with an irrepressible cry.
"You!"

"I. Were you not expecting me? Did you think I would not go to the world's end to felicitate you upon your happiness? I only wish it may be as long-lived as your faith deserves, cousin mine, and I venture the prediction that it will be."

The great, white hotel where the Wallaces were stopping overlooked the lake, and Cliff sat by a window staring across the monotonous vista.

He did not move as his wife came in. She was quaking inwardly, beset with a great terror and a desperate hope of still escaping it, as she moved to his side.

"We must start for home at once—this very hour, Cliff. They are sick there. I have just had a letter."

She could scarcely speak for her quick heart-beats, and her hand shook as she held an open sheet toward him. He turned his face, and the look he wore forced a moan to her lips. Too late for any escape, she knew full well.

"I, too, have had a letter," he said. "Do you care to read it? There! What have you to say to that?"

She shivered as the crumpled paper he tossed toward her fell at her feet, but made no effort toward picking it up.

"Shall I tell you then what a pretty charge the writer of that lays at your door?" he demanded, bitterly. "Oh, Wilde! Oh, wife! With a sudden movement he caught her wrist in a cruel grasp. 'Look at me, until I see if you are really so bad and yet so fair. You cannot! A lovely demon, and I have taken her to my heart.'"

He flung her from him, her frame convulsed with dry sobbing, her wild gaze seeking his with an agony of pleading for which she could find no words.

"Oh, Cliff—husband—have mercy!"

"Mercy for the murderer?" She shrunk under the word as if it had been a blow. "I have no room for doubt left, and yet if you were to look me in the eyes and tell me it is not so, I could almost find it in my heart to believe you, I have loved you so."

"And I you. Oh, believe that, whatever ill you know of me—believe that always. It was because I loved you, Cliff."

"What was that? That foul deed! He had ruined me, but he had no power over you."
"He had, the power to separate you and me forever. Oh, through no fault of yours. Pity me! he was my husband."

Wallace fell back in the chair from which he had arisen, half stunned.

"Go on," he said, hoarsely. "Tell me all."

With the recklessness of desperation she told him. Of the runaway marriage which had been a girl's folly, of the interference of friends who had kept the matter quiet, and the cool heartlessness of the man whose short-lived passion had worn to satiety first, and then in difference. How she had loved him, and pleaded for freedom only to be repulsed and goaded to despair. How she had been threatened with the exposure of her secret while in that mood.

Her wild confession broke there, but he took up the thread.

"There was a witness to the crime, your cousin Russ. Did you know that? Were you false to him, too?"

"I knew it. I promised to marry him. He made that the price of his silence. I never meant to keep the promise. I knew him to be mean and sordid, and I hoped to bribe him at last. You will believe I loved you when you know all I dared for you. Hate me and scorn me if you must, I have been happy. It is all over now, I suppose."

All over indeed, but his sternness and anger melted away from him. He had loved her so! How he suffered, how he pitied her sufferings! The impassable barrier between their two lives had arisen at last. He was too true at heart, too conscious of his own faults, to desert her in this extremity.

It was he shielded her from the revenge Russ Haven aimed at her; it was he guided her despairing mind from the dark thought of

self-destruction, and taught her that through the expiation of a life devoted to the good of others some peace might come even to her tortured heart.

Only one of the world's mysteries, which defies public unraveling, and the world wonders that Mrs. Wallace, whose husband has nobly redeemed a wild youth, should not be happy. Her husband in name only, and her punishment is none the less that he so generously share the burden.

Base-Ball.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

CHAMPIONSHIP contests are now the order of the day from the United States championship down to the championship of a country town, or even a city ward. Below we give a record of the games played for United States championship honors by the nine most prominent professional clubs of the country. The table of figures is as follows:

CLUBS.	Games won.	Games lost.
Allegheny	10	12
Boston	10	12
Brooklyn	10	12
Chicago	10	12
Cincinnati	10	12
Indianapolis	10	12
Louisville	10	12
St. Louis	10	12
St. Paul	10	12
Games lost.	8	10

It will be seen that the Bostonians have a decided lead, and that Cincinnati is last on the list, it being a close fight between the other nine. The games recorded are those played up to July 8th.

In the League pennant arena up to July 8th the record stood as follows:

CLUBS.	Games won.	Games lost.
Boston	10	12
Louisville	10	12
St. Louis	10	12
Hartford	10	12
Chicago	10	12
Cincinnati	10	12
Games lost.	7	11

This leaves the clubs occupying the following relative positions:

CLUBS.	Games won.	Games lost.
Boston	10	12
St. Louis	10	12
Louisville	10	12
Hartford	10	12
Chicago	10	12
Cincinnati	10	12
Total.	70	70

In the International pennant race the record shows the Alleghenys to be first, with Rochester second and Tecumseh third, as follows:

CLUBS.	Games won.	Games lost.
Allegheny	10	12
Brooklyn	10	12
Chicago	10	12
Cincinnati	10	12
Indianapolis	10	12
Louisville	10	12
St. Louis	10	12
St. Paul	10	12
Games lost.	4	10

The above record is up to July 8th.

In the local contests for the championship of Prospect Park, in which the amateur clubs alone take part, the record up to July 8th is as follows:

CLUBS.	Games won.	Games lost.
Hudson	10	12
Queens	10	12
Manhasset	10	12
Witkop	10	12
Putnam	10	12
Winona	10	12
Sonoma	10	12
Lafayette	10	12
Boromet	10	12
Games lost.	14	28

THE CAMPHOR TREE.—One of the most useful and magnificent productions of the vegetable kingdom that enriches China, and more particularly the provinces of Kiang-si and Canton, is the camphor tree. This stupendous laurel, which often adorns the banks of the rivers, was in several places found by Lord Amherst's embassy above fifty feet high, with its stem twenty feet in circumference. The Chinese themselves affirm that it sometimes attains the height of more than three hundred feet and a circumference greater than the extended arms of twenty men could embrace.

Camphor is obtained from the branches by steeping them, while fresh cut, in water for two or three days, and then boiling them till the gum, in the form of a white jelly, adheres to a stick which is constantly used in stirring the branches. The fluid is then poured into a glazed vessel, where it concretes in a few hours. To purify it the Chinese take a quantity of finely-powdered earth, which they lay at the bottom of a copper basin; over this they place a layer of camphor, and then another layer of earth, and so on until the vessel is nearly filled, the last or topmost layer being of earth. They cover this last layer with the leaves of a plant called po-ho, which seems to be a species of mentha (mint).

They now invert a second basin over the first and make it air-tight by luting. The whole is then submitted to the action of a regulated fire for a certain length of time, and then left to cool gradually. On separating the vessels, the camphor is found to have sublimed, and to have adhered to the upper basin. Repetitions of the same process complete its refinement. Besides yielding this valuable ingredient the camphor tree is one of the principal trees of China, and is used not only in building but in most articles of furniture. The wood is dry and of a light color, and although light and easy to work, is durable and not liable to be injured by insects.

